The Right Hon.ble Charles Viscount Bruce of Ampthill (Son & Heir Apparent of Thomas Earl of Ailesbury) & Baron Bruce of Whorleton

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HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by *Christopher Marloe:*
Whereunto is added the first booke of
Lucan *translated line for line by*
the same Author.

Ut Nectar, Ingenium.

At London
Printed for *John Flasket*, and are to be solde
in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Blacke-beare.
1600.

To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight.

Sir, we think not our selues discharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when we haue brought the breathles bodie to the earth: for albeit the eie there taketh his euer farewell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath been deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memorie, there putteth vs in minde of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoeuer we may iudge shall make to his liuing credit, and to the affecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kinde fauours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine

 should

should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had been accustomed thereunto, it would proue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, than any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my vtmost selfe now and euer to be readie, at your VVorships disposing:

E. B.

Hero and Leander.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

Heros *diſcription and her Loues,*
The Phane of Venus; *where he moues*
His worthie Loue-ſuite, and attaines;
Whoſe bliſſe the wrath of Fates reſtraines,
For Cupids *grace to* Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implie.

ON *Helleſpont* guiltie of true loues blood,
In view and oppoſit two cities ſtood,
Seaborders, diſioin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Seſtos* hight.
At *Seſtos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Appollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dower his burning throne,
Where ſhe ſhould ſit for men to gaze vpon.
The outſide of her garments were of lawne,
The lining, purple ſilke, with guilte ſtarres drawne,
Her wide ſleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glorie ſtroue,
To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainfull eies,
Of proude *Adonis* that before her lies.
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a ſtaine,
Made with the blood of wretched louers ſlaine.

Vpon her head ſhe ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whoſe workmanſhip both man and beaſt deceiues.
Many would praiſe the ſweete ſmell as ſhe paſt,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth caſt.
And there for honie, Bees haue ſought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble ſtone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds ſhone.
She ware no gloues, for neither ſunne nor winde
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her minde,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon thoſe hands, they were ſo white.
Buskins of ſhels all ſiluered, vſed ſhe,
And brancht with bluſhing corall to the knee;
Where ſparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would woonder to behold:
Thoſe with ſweete water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as ſhe went would cherupe through the bils.
Some ſay, for her the faireſt *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, was ſtroken blind.
But this is true, ſo like was one the other,
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother.
And oftentimes into her boſome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childiſh head vpon her breſt,

And with ſtill panting rocke, there tooke his reſt.
So loucly faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature wept, thinking ſhe was vndone;
Becauſe ſhe tooke more from her than ſhe left,
And of ſuch wondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffred wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been black.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
(Whoſe tragedie diuine *Muſæus* ſoong)
Dwelt at *Abydus* ſince him, dwelt there none,
For whom ſucceeding times may greater mone.
His dangling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne
Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wiſht, his armes might be her ſpheare,
Greeſe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe mooues not there.
His bodie was as ſtraight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meate is to the taſt,
So was his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The white of *Pelops* ſhoulder, I could tell ye,
How ſmooth his breſt was, and how white his bellie,
And whoſe immortall fingers did imprint,
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much leſſe of powerfull gods, let it ſuffiſe,
That my ſlacke muſe, ſings of *Leanders* eies.
Thoſe orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne ſhadow, and deſpiſing many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus Leander* ſeene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His preſence made the rudeſt paiſant melt,
That in the vaſt vplandiſh countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* ſouldier moou'd with nought,
Was moou'd with him, and for his fauour ſought.
Some ſwore he was a maide in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men deſire,
A pleaſant ſmiling cheeke, a ſpeaking eie,
A brow for loue to banquet royally,
And ſuch as knew he was a man would ſay,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie *Seſtos*, euery yeare,
(For his ſake whom their goddeſſe held ſo deare,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a ſolemne feaſt,
Thither reſorted many a wandring gueſt,
To meet their loues: ſuch as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great feſtiuall.
For euerie ſtreet like to a firmament

Gliſtered with breathing ſtars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth, which deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the ſunnes rich chariot.
But farre aboue the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nimphs inueigling harmonie,
So was her beautie to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night wandring pale and watrie ſtarre,
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomie skie,
Where crown'd with blazing light and maieſtie,
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than ſhe the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as, when gawdie Nimphs purſue the chaſe,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggie footed race,
Incenſt with ſauage heat, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine-bearing mountaines to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being ſlaine or put to flight,
Poore ſoldiers ſtand with feare of death dead ſtrooken,
So at her preſence all ſurpriſde and tooken,
Await the ſentence of her ſcornefull eies:
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dies.

There might you ſee one ſigh, another rage,
And ſome (their violent paſſions to aſſwage)
Compile ſharpe Satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many ſeeing great Princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Seſtos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other ſpie,
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,
The wals were of diſcoloured *Jaſper* ſtone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carv'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene ſea agget ſpread;
Where by one hand light headed *Bachus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung.
Of Chriſtall ſhining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Seſtos*, calde it *Venus* glaſſe,
There might you ſee the gods in ſundrie ſhapes,
Committing headdie ryots, inceſt, rapes:
For know, that vnderneath this radiant flowre,
Was *Danaes* ſtatue in a brazen towre,
Jcue, ſlylie ſtealing from his ſiſters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed:*
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a clowd,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heauing the yron net,

Which

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſet:
Loue kindling fire, to burne ſuch townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turnde into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the Wood gods loue to bee.
And in the midſt a ſiluer altar ſtood,
There *Hero* ſacrificing turtles blood,
Taild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids cloſe,
And modeſtly they opened as ſhe roſe:
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone ſtill he ſtood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countnance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was ſtrooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rulde by fate.
When two are ſtript long ere the courſe begin,
We wiſh that one ſhould loſe, the other win.
And one eſpecially doo we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each reſpect,
The reaſon no man knowes, let it ſuffiſe,
What we behold is cenſur'd by our eies.
Where both deliberat, the loue is ſlight,
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid:
Chaſt *Hero* to her ſelfe thus ſoftly ſaid:

Were I the ſaint hee worſhips, I would heare him,
And as ſhe ſpake thoſe words, came ſomwhat neere him.
He ſtarted vp, ſhe bluſht as one aſham'de;
Wherewith *Leander* much more wore was inflam'de.
He toucht her hand, in touching it ſhe trembled,
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is diſſembled,
Theſe louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed ſtands,
Thus while dumb ſigns their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire with ſparkes of liuing fire was ſpangled,
And night deepe drencht in myſtie *Acheron,*
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darkneſſe forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)
And now begins *Leander* to diſplay
Loues holy fire, with words, with ſighs and teares,
Which like ſweet muſicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euerie word ſhee turn'd aſide,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,
At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
With chearfull hope thus he accoſted her.

Faire creature, let me ſpeake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes do mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou bee his priſoner who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, miſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiour boiſterous and ruffe.
O ſhun me not, but here me ere you goe,

God

God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are,
Why ſhould you worſhip her, her you ſurpaſſe,
As much as ſparkling Diamonds flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in lead his worth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph, belou'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but baſe,
Baſe in reſpect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doeſt exceed loues mother.
Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded ſhip, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why voweſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* heere,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeare?
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of braſſe oft handled, brightly ſhine,
What difference betwixt the richeſt mine

And baſeſt mold, but vſe? for both not vſde,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abuſde,
When miſers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues and others doe adorne,
Neither themſelues nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero*, learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh,
Loue women like to emptie houſes periſh.
Leſſe ſince the poore rich man that ſtarues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſſie pelfe,
Than ſuch as you: his golden earth remains.
Which after his diſceaſſe ſome other gains.
But this faire iem, ſweet, in the loſſe alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.
Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with inteſtine broyles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound natures ſweet harmonie.
Wel therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures ſhould enioy that blis.
One is no number, maids are nothing then,
Without the ſweet ſocietie of men.
Wilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou bee,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wilde ſauages, that drinke of running ſprings,

Thinke

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that daily taſte neat wine, deſpiſe it.
Virginitie, albeit ſome highly priſe it,
Compar d with mariage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtamps ſake we alow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſſion doe we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers ſay;
Women receiue perfection euey way.
This idoll which you terme Virginitie,
Is neither eſſence ſubiect to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boaſt,
Things that are not at all, are neuer loſt.
Men fooliſhly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much leſſe can honour be aſcribde thereto,
Honour is purchaſde by the deeds we do.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wone,
Vntill ſome honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chaſtitie, immortall fame,
And know that ſome haue wrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whoſe name is it, if ſhe be falſe or not,
So ſhe be faire, but ſome vile tongues will blot?

But you are faire (aye me) ſo wondrous faire,
So young, ſo gentle, and ſo debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow ſwiftly blaſting infamie.
Perhaps, thy ſacred Prieſthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'ſt thou that heedleſſe oath?
To *Venus*, anſwered ſhee, and as ſhee ſpake,
Foorth from thoſe two tralucent ceſternes brake
A ſtreame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empreſſe moſt delites,
Are banquets, Doricke muſicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhe ſcorne,
For thou in vowing chaſtitie, haſt ſworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'ſt a ſinne farre worſe than periurie.
Euen ſacriledge againſt her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which ſinne, kiſſe and ſhake hands,
Such ſacrifice as this, *Venus* demands.
Thereat ſhe ſmilde, and did denie him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his ſpeech,

And her in humble manner thus beſeech.
Though neither gods nor men may thee deſerue,
Yet for her ſake whom you haue vow'd to ſerue,
Abandon fruitleſſe cold Virginitie,
The gentle Queene of Loues ſole enemie.
Then ſhall you moſt reſemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* ſweet rites are perform'd and dun,
Flint-breſted *Pallas* ioyes in ſingle life,
But *Pallas* and your miſtreſſe are at ſtriſe.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou haſt wounded thus,
Nor ſtaine thy youthfull yeeres with auarice,
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richeſt corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is loſt, too warily kept.
Theſe arguments he vs'd, and may more,
Wherewith ſhe yeelded, that was woone before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing ſwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more ſhe ſtriu'd the deeper was ſhe ſtrooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, ſtroue ſhe ſtill,
And would be thought to grant againſt her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at laſt ſhe ſaid:
Who taught thee Rhetoricke to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, ſuch words as theſe ſhould I abhorre,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* ſtoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his ſpreading armes away ſhe caſt her,
And thus beſpake him. Gentle youth forbeare
To touch the ſacred garments which I weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whiſt and ſtill,
Saue that the ſea playing on yellow ſand,
Sends forth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whoſe ſound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In ſilence of the night to viſit vs.)
My turret ſtands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* ſwannes and ſparrowes all the day.
A dwarfiſh beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And ſpends the night (that might be better ſpent)
In vaine diſcourſe, and apiſh merriment.
Come thither; As ſhe ſpake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her ſlipt,
And ſodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, moouing ſeuerall waies,
At one ſelfe inſtant, ſhe poore ſoule aſſaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part,
Stroue to reſiſt the motions of her heart.
And hands ſo pure, ſo innocent, nay ſuch,
As might haue made heauen ſtoope to haue a touch,
Did ſhe vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd

Vow'd ſpotleſſe chaſtitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her praiers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the emptie aire he flings:
All deepe enrag'd, his ſinowie bow he bent,
And ſhot a ſhaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith ſhe ſtrooken, look't ſo dolefully,
As made Loue ſigh, to ſee his tirannie.
And as ſhe wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the pallace of the Deſtinies,
Laden with languiſhment and griefe he flies.
And to thoſe ſterne nymphes humbly made requeſt,
Both might enioy each other, and be bleſt.
But with a ghaſtly dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thouſand deaths at euerie glance,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercurie*,
The ſelfe-ſame day that he aſleep had laid
Inchanted *Argus*, ſpied a countrie maid,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it:
Gliſtred with deaw, as one that ſeem'd to ſcorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to gloſe.
Yet prowd ſhe was, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tow'red courts, is oft in ſhepheards cels.)

And too too well the faire vermillion knew,
And ſiluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euerie ſwaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his ſnakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ſtay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And ſweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with ſmooth ſpeech her fancie to aſſay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her faſt,
And then he woo'd with kiſſes, and at laſt,
As ſhepheards do, her on the ground he laid,
And tumbling in the graſſe, he often ſtraid
Beyond the bounds of ſhame, in being bold
To eie thoſe partes, which no eie ſhould behold.
And like an inſolent commaunding louer,
Boaſting his parentage, would needs diſcouer
The way to new *Eliſium*: but ſhe,
Whoſe onely dower was her chaſtitie,
Hauing ſtriu'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
And craue the helpe of ſhepheards that were nie.
Herewith he ſtaid his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to riſe, away ſhe ran,
After went *Mercurie*, who vſde ſuch cunning,
As ſhe to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not woon by brutiſh force and might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſures and delight.
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That ſhe ſuch louelineſſe and beautie had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would denie, nor grant his ſute.
Still vow'd he loue, ſhe wanting no excuſe
To feed him with delaies, as women vſe:
Or thirſting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impoſde vpon her louer ſuch a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet ſhe aske.
A draught of flowing *Nectar* ſhe requeſted,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feaſted.
He readie to accompliſh what ſhe wild,
Stole ſome from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Joues* cup fild,)
And gaue it to his ſimple ruſtike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Joue*)
He inly ſtorm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for thr fire filcht by *Promethius*;
And thruſts him down from heauen, he wandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, with ſad and heauie cheere
Complaind to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his ſake,
To be reueng'd on *Joue*, did vndertake,
And thoſe on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the Adamantine Deſtinies,
He wounds with loue, and forſt them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That ſheares the ſlender threads of humane life,

At his faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid:
These he regarded not, but did intreat,
That *Joue*, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
Were with *Joue* clos'd in *Stigian* Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got;
He reckelesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Jupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that Learning, in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Joue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and *Pouertie* should alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore.
Likewise the angrie sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes*, haue concluded
That *Midas* brood shall sit in Honors chaire,

To

To which the *Muſes* ſonnes are onely heire:
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent run into regions farre;
And few great Lords in vertuous deeds ſhall ioy,
But be ſurpris'd with euerie gariſh toy.
And ſtill inrich the loftie ſeruile Clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
Then muſe not *Cupids* ſuite no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the firſt Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero *of loue takes deeper ſence,*
And doth her loue more recompence.
Their firſt nights meeting, where ſweet kiſſes
Are th'only crownes of both their bliſſes.
*He ſwims t'*Abydus, *and returnes;*
Cold Neptune *with his beautie burnes,*
Whoſe ſuite he ſhuns, and doth aſpire
Heros *faire towre, and his deſire.*

BY this, ſad *Hero*, with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where-

Wherewith as one diſpleaſde, away ſhe trips.
Yet as ſhe went, full often lookt behinde,
And many poore excuſes did ſhe finde,
To linger by the way, and once ſhe ſtaid,
And would haue turnde againe, but was afraid,
In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on ſhe goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what ſhe meant,
But ſtaid, and after her a letter ſent.
Which ioyfull *Hero* anſwerd in ſuch ſort,
As he had hope to ſcale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by ſtealth.
Wide open ſtood the doore, he need not clime;
And ſhe her ſelfe before the pointed time,
Hnd ſpread the boord, with roſes ſtrowed the roome,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At laſt he came, O who can tell the greeting,
Theſe greedie louers had, at their firſt meeting.
He askt, ſhe gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, ſo were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, ſhe willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kiſſes, the imbracements ſweet,
When like deſires and affections meet,

For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet ſhe this raſhneſſe ſodainly repented,
And turn'd aſide, and to her ſelfe lamented.
As if her name and honor had been wrong'd,
By being poſſeſt of him for whom ſhe long'd:
I, and ſhe wiſht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleaſure ſmil'd,
To ſee how he this captiue Nimph beguil'd.
For hitherto he did but fan the fier,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt ſhe iealous, leaſt his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him haſtilie ſhe goes,
And like light *Salmacis*, her bodie throes
Vpon his boſome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her ſelfe a ſacrifice,
To ſlake his anger, if he were diſpleas'd,
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like *Æſops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his ſiſter toyed,
Suppoſing nothing elſe was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting ſence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduaunce a ſtep,

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other lept:
Much more in ſubiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing ſaw
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:
Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the ruſhes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtriued,
The more a gentle pleaſant heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the ſame gan ſo to ſcorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it.
Loue alwaies makes thoſe eloquent that haue it.
Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* ſhe fled,
And ſeeming lauiſh, ſau'de her maidenhead.
Ne're King more ſought to keepe his Diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a ſtedfaſt friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we ſend,
We often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And ſtay the meſſenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe deerely held.

Iewels being loſt are found againe, this neuer,
T'is loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Now had the morne eſpy'de her louers ſteeds,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he ſtaid ſo long,
Al headlong throwes her ſelf the clouds among.
And now *Leander* fearing to be miſt,
Imbraſt her ſodainly, tooke leaue, and kiſt.
Long was he taking leaue and loth to go,
And kiſt againe, as louers vſde to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promiſes be kept.
Then ſtanding at the doore, ſhe turnd about
As loath to ſee *Leander* going out.
And now the Sun that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying theſe louers, downeward creepes.
So that in ſilence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the ſecret truſtie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit ſoone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith ſhe wreth'd her largely ſpreading hear
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but he muſt weare
The ſacred ring wherewith ſhe was endow'd,
When firſt religious chaſtitie ſhe vow'd:
Which made his loue through *Seſtos* to be knowne,

And thence vnto *Abydus* ſooner blowne,
Than he could ſaile, for incorporall Fame,
Whoſe waight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſwifter than the wind, whoſe tardie plumes,
Are reeking water, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home when he came, he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence,
He would haue chac'd away the ſwelling maine,
That him from her iniuſtly did detaine.
Like as the ſunne in a Dyameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, ſhining lat'rally;
So beautie, ſweetly quickens when t'is ny,
But being ſeparated and remooued,
Burnes where it cheriſht, murders where it loued.
Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke,
O none but gods haue power their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is deſcride.
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His ſecret flame apparantly was ſeene,
Leanders Father knew where he had beene,
And for the ſame mildly rebuk't his ſonne,
Thinking to quench the ſparckles new begonne.

But

But loue reſiſted once, growes paſſionate,
And nothing more than counſaile, louers hate.
For as a hote prowd horſe highly diſdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and with his houes,
Checkes the ſubmiſſiue ground: ſo he that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the woorſe he fares,
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cryd'e full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
Where hauing ſpy'de her tower, long ſtar'd he on't,
And pray'de the narrow toyling *Helleſpont*,
To part in twaine that he might come and go,
But ſtill the riſing billowes anſwered no.
With that he ſtript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.
Whereat the ſaphir viſag'd god grew prowd,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* diſpleas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he ſeaz'd.
Leander ſtriu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was ſtrewd with pearle, and in low corrall groues
Sweet ſinging Meremaids, ſported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in carcleſſe ſort, the ſhipwracke treaſure.
For here the ſtately azure pallace ſtood,

Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The luſtie god imbra'ſt him, cald him loue,
And ſwore he neuer ſhould returne to *Joue*.
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almoſt dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kiſt him,
And fell in drops like teares, becauſe they miſt him.
Leander being vp began to ſwim,
And looking backe, ſaw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agaſt, the poore ſoule gan to crie,
[illegible]t me viſit *Hero* ere I die.
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And ſwore the ſea ſhould neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his treſſes plaid,
And ſmiling wantonly, his loue bewraid.
He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euerie ſtroke, betwixt them would he ſlide,
And ſteale a kiſſe, and then run out and dance,
And as he turnde, caſt many a luſtfull glance,
And threw him gawdie toyes to pleaſe his eie,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his breſt, his thighes, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and cloſe beſide him ſwim.
And talkt of loue: *Leander* made replie,
You are deceiu'd, I am no woman I,

Thereat

Thereat ſmilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a ſheapheard ſitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy ſo faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd;
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leaſt water-nymphs ſhould pull him from the brinke.
And when he ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-ſtaring Fawnes,
Would ſteale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, *Leander* cryde, th'enamoured ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſſie bower,
Deſcends vpon my raiant *Heroes* tower.
O that the ſetardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues he ſprings.
Neptune was angrie that he gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent.
The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rewd.
The griefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pittie reſts.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
But vicious, harebraind, and illit'rate hinds?
The god ſeeing him with pittie to be moued,

Thereon

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith,too credulous,
With folly and falſe hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to ſurprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for giftes he flies.
Tis wiſedome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes,
By this *Leander* being neere the land,
Caſt downe his wearie feet,and felt the ſand
Breathleſſe albeit he were,he reſted not,
Till to the ſolitarie tower he got.
Aud knockt and cald, at which celeſtiall noiſe,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
Then Nimphs and ſhepheards,when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked Dolphin when the ſailer ſings;
She ſtaid not for her robes,but ſtraight aroſe,
And drunke with gladneſſe,to the doore ſhe goes.
Where ſeeing a naked man,ſhe ſcriecht for feare,
Such ſights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran into the darke her ſelfe to hide,
Rich Iewels in the darke are ſooneſt ſpide.
Vnto her was he led,or rather drawne,
By thoſe white lims,which ſparkled through the lawne.
The neerer that he came,the more ſhe fled,
And ſeeking refuge, ſlipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* ſitting,thus began,
Though numming cold,all feeble,faint and wan:

If not for loue, yet loue for pittie ſake,
Me in thy bed and maiden boſome take,
At leaſt vouchſafe theſe armes ſome little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely ſwoome.
This head was beat with many a churliſh billow,
And therefore let it reſt vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* ſhrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay.
Whoſe liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
Would animate groſſe clay, and higher ſet
The drooping thoughts of baſe declining ſoules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowſing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he caſt vpon her like a ſnare,
She ouercome with ſhame and ſallow feare,
Like chaſt *Diana*, when *Acteon* ſpyde her,
Being ſodainly betraide, dyu'd downe to hide her.
And as her ſiluer body downeward went,
With both her hands ſhe made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her ſelfe ſecure,
O'recaſt with dim and darkſome couerture.
And now ſhe lets him whiſper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promiſe, proteſt and ſweare,
Yet euer as he greedily aſſayd,
To touch thoſe dainties, ſhe the *Harpey* playd,
And euery lim did as a ſoldier ſtout,
Defend the fort, and keepe the foe-man out.
For though the riſing yu'rie mount he ſcal'd,

Which is with azure circling liues empal'd,
Much like a globe,(a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue ſailes to regions full of blis,)
Yet there with *Syſiphus* he toylde in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling ſtroue,this ſtrife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treaſon was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her ſelfe ſhe ſought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon ſhe was at length,
In ſuch warres women vſe but halfe their ſtrength.
Leander now like Theban *Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'eſperides*.
Whoſe fruit none rightly can deſcribe,but hee
That puls or ſhakes it from the golden tree:
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breſt,
Breathleſſe ſpoke ſome things,and ſigh'd out the reſt;
Which ſo preuail'd, as he with ſmall ado,
Inclos'd her in his armes and kiſt her to.
And euerie kiſſe to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a freſh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and ſhe alas,
(Poore ſillie maiden) at his mercie was.
Loue is not full of pittie (as men ſay)
But deafe and cruell,where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird,which in our hands we wring,
Fourth plungeth,and oft flutters with her wing.

And now ſhe wiſht this night were neuer done:
And ſigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching ſunne,
For much it grieu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleaſure of the bleſſed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* diſplaid,
Both in each other armes chaind as they laid.
Againe ſhe knew not how to frame her looke,
Or ſpeake to him whom in a moment tooke,
That which ſo long ſo charily ſhe kept,
And faine by ſtealth away ſhe would haue crept,
And to ſome corner ſecretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the ſuddaine clingd her ſo about,
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore ſhe ſlid,
And halfe appear'd the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed ſhe bluſhing ſtood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of twilight breake, which through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymſe here and there.
And round about the chamber this falſe morne,
Brought foorth the day before the day was borne.
So *Heroes* ruddie cheeke *Hero* betraid.
And her all naked to his ſight diſplaid
Whence his admiring eyes more pleaſure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

To ſound foorth muſicke to the *Ocean*,
Which watchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till ſhe o'recome with anguiſh, ſhame, and rage,
Hurld downe to hell her loathſome carriage.

The end of the ſecond Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

Leander *to the enuious light*
Reſignes his night-ſports with the night,
And ſwims the Helleſpont *againe*;
Theſme *the Deitie ſoueraigne*
Of Cuſtomes and religious rites
Appeares, improuing his delites
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected;
Which ſtraight he vowes ſhall be effected.
Faire Hero *left Deuirginate*
Waies, and with furie wailes her ſtate:
But with her loue and womans wit
She argues, and approueth it.

NEw light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To faſhion our indeuours that enſue,

More

More harſh (at leaſt more hard) more graue and hie,
Our ſubiect runs, and our ſterne *Muſe* muſt flie,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Thoſe thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became,
High vnexperienſt blood, and maids ſharpe plights,
Muſt now grow ſtaid, and cenſure the delights,
That being enioyd aske iudgement; now we praiſe,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the daies.
And now ye wanton loues, and young deſires,
Pied vanitie, the mint of ſtrange Attires;
Ye liſping Flatteries, and obſequious Glances,
Relentfull Muſicks, and attractiue Dances,
And you deteſted Charmes conſtraining loue,
Shun loues ſtolne ſports by that theſe Louers proue.
By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And young *Leander*, Lord of his deſires,
Together from their louers armes aroſe:
Leander into *Helleſpontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled bodie, whoſe delight
Made him diſdaine each other Epethite.
And as amidſt the enamourd waues he ſwims,
The God of gold of purpoſe guilt his lims,
That this word guilt, including double ſence,
The double guilt of his *Jncontinence*,
Might be expreſt, that had no ſtay t'employ
The treaſure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with ſuch ſacred thriſt,

As had beſeemd ſo ſanctified a gift:
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall
Would on the ſtocke diſpend, and rudely fall
Before his time to that vnbleſſed bleſſing,
Which for luſts plague doth periſh with poſſeſſing.
Ioy grauen in ſence, like ſnow in water waſts;
Without preſerue of vertue, nothing laſts.
What man is he that with a welthie eie,
Enioyes a beautie richer than the skie,
Through whoſe white skin, ſofter then ſoundeſt ſleepe,
With damaske eyes, the rubie blood doth peepe,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whoſe mixture and firſt fire, his loue attaines;
Whoſe both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And ſweeten humane thoughts like Paradiſe;
Whoſe diſpoſition ſilken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth-exempted minde;
Who thinkes not heauen with ſuch a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would ſpend that dower of heauen,
With ranke deſire to ioy it all at firſt?
What ſimplie kils our hunger, quencheth thirſt,
Clothes but our nakednes, and makes vs liue?
Praiſe doth not any of her fauours giue:
But what doth plentifully miniſter
Beautious apparell and delicious cheere,
So orderd that it ſtill excites deſire,
And ſtill giues pleaſure freenes to aſpire

The palme of *Bountie*, euer moyſt preſeruing:
To loues ſweet life this is the courtly caruing.
Thus *Time*, and all ſtates-ordering *Ceremonie*
Had baniſht all offence: *Times* golden *Thie*
Vpholds the flowrie bodie of the earth,
In ſacred harmonie, and euery birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate,
Being vſde aright; *The vſe of Time is Fate.*
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers ſhore;
Where he vnlades himſelfe of that falſe welth
That makes few rich; treaſures compoſde by ſtelth
And to his ſiſter kinde *Hermione*,
(Who on the ſhore kneeld, praying to the ſea
For his returne) he all Loues goods did ſhow
In *Hero* ſeaſde for him, in him for *Hero.*
His moſt kinde ſiſter all his ſecrets knew,
And to her ſinging like a ſhower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his iuorie skin,
Which yet a ſnowie ſome did leaue aboue,
As ſoule to the dead water that did loue;
And from thence did the firſt white Roſes ſpring,
(For loue is ſweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the ſweetned ſhore as he did goe,
Was crownd with odrous roſes white as ſnow.
Loue-bleſt *Leander* was with loue ſo filled,

That

That loue to all that toucht him he inſtilled.
And as the colours of all things we ſee,
To our ſights powers communicated bee:
So to all obiects that in compaſſe came
Of any ſence he had; his ſences flame
Flowd from his parts, with force ſo virtuall,
It fir'd with ſence things meere inſenſuall.
Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kiſt his bed,
As conſecrating it to *Heros* right,
And vowd thereafter that what euer ſight
Put him in minde of *Hero*, or her bliſſe,
Should be her Altar to prefer a kiſſe.
Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In whoſe white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters ſweet *Heros* lims,
When on his breaſts warme ſea ſhe ſideling ſwims.
And as thoſe armes (held vp in circle) met,
He ſaid; ſee ſiſter *Heros* Carquenet,
Which ſhe had rather weare about her necke,
Then all the iewels that doth *Juno* decke.
But as he ſhooke with paſſionate deſire,
To put in flame his other ſecret fire,
A muſicke ſo diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauiſht ſence did heare:
When ſuddenly a light of twentie hews
Brake through the roofe, and like the Rainbow views

Amazd *Leander*; in whoſe beames came downe
The Goddeſſe *Ceremonie*, with a Crowne
Of all the ſtars, and heauen with her deſcended,
Her flaming haire to her bright ſeete extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities;
And in a chaine, compact of eares and eies,
She led Religion; all her bodie was
Cleere and tranſparent as the pureſt glaſſe:
For ſhe was all preſented to the ſence;
Deuotion, Order, State, and Reuerence,
Her ſhadowes were; Societie, Memorie;
All which her ſight made liue; her abſence die.
A rich diſparent Pentacle ſhe weares,
Drawne full of circles and ſtrange characters:
Her face was changeable to euerie eie;
One way lookt ill, another graciouſly;
Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy:
But looking off, vicious, and melancholy:
The ſnakie paths to each obſerued law,
Did *Policie* in her broad boſome draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Chriſtall ſwayes,
Which gathering in one line a thouſand rayes
From her bright eies, *Confuſion* burnes to death,
And all eſtates of men diſtinguiſheth.
By it *Morallitie* and *Comelineſſe*,
Themſelues in all their ſightly figures dreſſe.
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

To beate backe *Barbariſme*, and *Auarice*,
That followd eating earth, and excrement
And humane lims; and would make proud aſſent
To ſeats of Gods, were *Ceremonie* ſlaine;
The *Howrs* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweetes of our ſocietie
Were Spherde, and treaſurde in her bounteous eie.
Thus ſhe appeard, and ſharpely did reproue
Leanders bluntnes in his violent loue;
Tolde him how poore was ſubſtance without rites,
Like bils vnſignd; deſires without delites;
Like meates vnſeaſond; like ranke corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or reapes or ſowes:
Not being with ciuill forms confirm'd and bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But looſe and ſecret all their glories hide,
Feare fils the chamber, darknes decks the Bride.
She vaniſht, leauing pierſt *Leanders* hart
With ſence of his vnceremonius part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He cloſe and flatly fell to his delites:
And inſtantly he vowd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his maried ſtate.
So vp he gets and to his father goes,
To whoſe glad eares he doth his vowes diſcloſe:
The Nuptials are reſolu'd with vtmoſt powre,
And he at night would ſwim to *Heros* towre.

From

From whence he ment to *Seſtus* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where ſhips muſt ſtay,
Sent by her father throughly rigd and mand,
To waft her ſafely to *Abydus* Strand.
There leaue we him, and with freſh wing purſue
Aſtoniſht *Hero*, whoſe moſt wiſhed view
I thus long haue forborne, becauſe I left her.
So out of countnance, and her ſpirits bereft her.
To looke of one abaſht is impudence,
VVhen of ſleight faults he hath too deepe a ſence.
Her bluſhing het her chamber: ſhee lookt out,
And all the aire ſhe purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke day befell,
Which euer ſince a red morne doth foretell:
And ſtill renewes our woes for *Heros* wo,
And foule it prou'd, becauſe it figur'd ſo
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare;
I faile if it prophane your daintieſt eare.
Then how moſt ſtrangely-intellectuall fire,
That proper to my ſoule haſt power t'inſpire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnſpheared flame viſitſt the ſprings
Of ſpirits immortall; Now (as ſwift as Time
Doth follow Motion) finde th'eternall Clime
Of his free ſoule, whoſe liuing ſubiect ſtood
Vp to the chin in the Pyerean flood,
And drunke to me halfe this Muſean ſtorie,

Inſcribing it to deathles Memorie:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be conſecrate to ſleep.
Tell it how much his late deſires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light ſurrender
My ſoules dark offſpring, willing it ſhould die
To loues, to paſſions, and ſocietie.
Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts that yet ſhe neuer knew,
Euen to her ſelfe a ſtranger; was much like
Th'*Iberian* citie that wars hand did ſtrike
By Engliſh force in princely *Eſſex* guide,
When peace aſſur'd her towers had fortifide;
And golden-fingred *India* had beſtowd
Such wealth on her, that ſtrength and Empire floud
Into her Turrets; and her virgin waſte
The wealthie girdle of the Sea embraſte:
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
For ſoft loue-ſutes, with iron thunders chid:
Swum to her townes, diſſolu'd her virgin zone;
Lead in his power, and made Confuſion
Run through her ſtreets amazd, that ſhe ſuppoſde
She had not been in her owne walls incloſde:
But rapt by wonder to ſome forraine ſtate,
Seeing all her iſſue ſo diſconſolate:

And all her peacefull manſions poſſeſt
With wars iuſt ſpoyle, and many a forraine gueſt
From euerie corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it with power of a deſtroyer.
So far'd fayre *Hero* in th'expugned fort
Of her chaſt boſome, and of euerie ſort
Stange thoughts poſſeſt her, ranſaking her breſt
For that that was not there, her wonted reſt.
She was a mother ſtraight and bore with paine,
Thoughts that ſpake ſtraight and wiſht their mother (ſlain;
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers:
Such ſtrife ſtill growes where ſinne the race prefers.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.
She mus'd how ſhe could looke vpon her Sire,
And not ſhew that without, that was intire.
For as a glaſſe is an inanimate eie,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly:
So is the eye an animate glaſſe that ſhowes
In-formes without vs. And as *Phebus* throwes
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be cloſde,
Still glancing by them till he finde oppoſde,
A looſe and rorid vapour that is fit
T'euent his ſearching beames, and vſeth it
To forme a tender twentie-coloured eie,
Caſt in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fierie ſoule, our bodies ſtarre,

(That euer is in motion circulare)
Conceiues a forme; in ſeeking to diſplay it
Through all our clowdie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the moſt pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her lookes haue wrought:
For yet the worlds ſtale cunning ſhe reſiſted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what lookes ſhe li-
And held it for a verie ſillie ſleight, (ſted,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit:
Glad to diſclaime her ſelfe; proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart.
Thoſe be the painted Moones, whoſe lights prophane
Beauties true Heauen, at full ſtill in their wane.
Thoſe be the Lapwing faces that ſtill crie,
Here 't is, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Baſe fooles, when euerie mooriſh foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But cuſtome that the Apoplexie is
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence:
Yet brazde not *Heros* brow with impudence;
And this ſhe thought moſt hard to bring to pas,
To ſeeme in countnance other then ſhe was.
As if ſhe had two ſoules; one for the face,
One for the heart; and that they ſhifted place

As either liſt to vtter, or conceale
What they conceiu'd: or as one ſoule did deale
With both affaires at once, keeps and eiects
Both at an inſtant contrarie effects:
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That formes the thought, and ſwaies the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.
These and more graue conceits toyld *Heros* ſpirits:
For though the light of her diſcourſiue wits,
Perhaps might finde ſome little hole to pas
Through all theſe worldly cinctures; yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompaſt her;
Her Goddeſſe, in whoſe Phane ſhe did preferre
Her virgin vowes; from whoſe impulſiue ſight
She knew the blacke ſhield of the darkeſt night
Could not defend her, nor wits ſubtilſt art:
This was the point pierſt *Hero* to the hart.
Who heauie to the death, with a deep ſigh
And hand that languiſht, tooke a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In which ſhe ſate, had from the day in ſhade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feete;
Her left hand made it at her boſome meete;
Her right hand leand on her hart-bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnſhapefull foulds: t'was death to ſee
Her knee ſtaid that, and that her falling face

Each limme helpt other to put on diſgrace.
No forme was ſeene, where forme held all her ſight:
But like an Embrion that ſaw neuer light:
Or like a ſcorched ſtatue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning: or a wretched ſoule
Muffled with endles darknes, ſhe did ſit:
The night had neuer ſuch a heauie ſpirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well ſee,
How faſt her cleere teares melted on her knee
Through her black vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her Goddeſſe wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous deſpayre could frame:
Which made her ſtrow the floore with her torne haire,
And ſpread her mantle peece-meale in the aire.
Like *Ioues* ſons club, ſtrong paſsion ſtrooke her downe,
And with a piteous ſhrieke inforſt her ſwoune:
Her ſhrieke, made with another ſhrieke aſcend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend:
And as with her owne crie her ſence was ſlaine,
So with the other it was calde againe.
She roſe and to her bed made forced way,
And layd her downe euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red ſea of her blood
Ebd with *Leander*: but now turnd the flood,
And all her fleete of ſpirits came ſwelling in
With childe of ſaile, and did hot fight begin

With thoſe ſeuere conceits, ſhe too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarkt.
He came in ſwimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might ſweeten hell: his thought deſtroyes
All her deſtroying thoughts: ſhe thought ſhe felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chid her ſoule that it could ſo much erre,
To checke the true ioyes he deſeru'd in her.
Her freſh heat blood caſt figures in her eies,
And ſhe ſuppoſde ſhe ſaw in *Neptunes* skies
How her ſtarre wandred, waſht in ſmarting brine
For her loues ſake, that with immortall wine
Should be embath'd, and ſwim in more hearts eaſe,
Than there was water in the Seſtian ſeas.
Then ſaid her *Cupid* prompted ſpirit; ſhall I
Sing mones to ſuch delightſome harmonie?
Shall ſlick-tongde fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken baſtard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And goſſip-like, ſaies becauſe others ſay,
Takes newes as if it were too hot to eate,
And ſpits it ſlauering forth for dog-fees meate)
Make me for forging a phantaſtike vow,
Preſume to beare what makes graue matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vowes are but ſeeds,
And good deeds fruits; euē thoſe good deeds that grow

From other ſtocks, than from th'obſerued vow.
That is a good deed that preuents a bad:
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maydenhead git,
Leander being my ſelfe I ſtill retaine it.
We breake chaſt vowes when we liue looſely euer:
But bound as we are, we liue looſely neuer.
Two conſtant louers being ioynd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblinde vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.
Too true it is that when t'is gone men hate
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues eſtate:
But that's, ſince they haue loſt, the heauenly light
Should ſhew them way to iudge of all things right.
When life is gone death muſt implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, ſo loue to error.
Before we loue how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundrie fancies hunted here:
Now with deſire of wealth tranſported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight:
Now with ambition climing falling towrs,
Whoſe hope to ſcale, our feare to fall deuours:
Now rapt with paſtimes, pomp, all ioyes impure;
In things without vs no delight is ſure.

But loue with all ioyes crownd, within doth ſit;
O Goddeſſe pittie loue and pardon it.
This ſpake he weeping: but her Goddeſſe eare
Burnd with too ſterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aye me, hath heauens ſtraight fingers no more graces,
For ſuch as *Hero*, then for homelieſt faces?
Yet ſhe hopte well, and in her ſweet conceit
Waying her arguments, ſhe thought them weight:
And that the logick of *Leanders* beautie,
And them together would bring proofes of dutie.
And if her ſoule, that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens great eſſence, found ſuch imperance
In her loues beauties; ſhe had confidence.
Joue lou'd him too, and pardond her offence.
Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſin.
Thus, her ſharpe wit, her loue, her ſecrecie,
Trouping together, made her wonder why
She ſhould not leaue her bed, and to the Temple?
Her health ſaid ſhe muſt liue; her ſex diſſemble.
She viewd *Leanders* place, and wiſht he were
Turnd to his place, ſo his place were *Leander*.
Aye me ſaid ſhe) that loues ſweet life and ſence
Should doe it harme! my loue had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place. O bleſſed place,
Image of Conſtancie. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where but it leaues ſome thing behinde

Worth obſeruation: he renownes his kinde.
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer:
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine: *Leander* now t'is thine;
Thou being my ſelfe, then it is double mine:
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O ſee what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him:
For I am in it, he for me doth ſwim.
Rich, fruitfull loue, that doubling ſelfe eſtates
Elixer-like contracts, though ſeparates.
Deare place I kiſſe thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer ſent to mee.

The end of the third Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FOVRTH SESTYAD.

Hero, *in ſacred habit deckt,*
Doth priuate ſacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes deſcription wrought by fate,
Oſtents, *that threaten her eſtate.*
The ſtrange, yet Phiſicall euents,
Leanders *counterfeit preſents.*
In thunder, Ciprides *deſcends,*
Preſaging both the louers ends.
Ecte *the Goddeſſe of remorce,*

With vocall and articulate force
Inſpires Leucote, Venus *ſwan,*
T'excuſe the beauteous Seſtian.
Venus, *to wreake her rites abuſes,*
Creates the monſter Eronuſis;
Enflaming Heros *Sacrifice,*
With lightning darted from her eies:
And thereof ſprings the painted beaſt,
That euer ſince taints euerie breaſt.

NOw from *Leanders* place ſhe aroſe, and found
Her haire and rent robe ſcattred on the ground:
Which taking vp, ſhe euerie peece did lay
Vpon an Altar; where in youth of day
She vſde t'exhibite priuate ſacrifice:
Thoſe would ſhe offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddeſſe, and her powerfull ſon,
As relicks of her late-felt paſſion:
Vnd in that holy ſort ſhe vowd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they ſhould in the flames ſhe ment t'inſpire.
Then put ſhe on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her ſecret ſacred deeds:
A crowne of Iſickles, that ſunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaſt deſire.
A golden ſtarre ſhinde in her naked breaſt,
In honour of the Queene-light of the Eaſt.
In her right hand ſhe held a ſiluer wand,

On whoſe bright top *Periſtera* did ſtand,
Who was a Nimph, but now transformd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her ſake ſhe euer ſince that time, (clime.
Chuſe Doues to draw her coach through heauens blew
Her plentious haire in curled billowes ſwims
On her bright ſhoulder: her harmonious lims
Suſtaind no more but a moſt ſubtile vaile
That hung on them, as it durſt not aſſaile
Their different concord: for the weakeſt ayre
Could raiſe it ſwelling from her beauties fayre:
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onelie
Her moſt heart-piercing parts, that a bleſt eie
Might ſee (as it did ſhadow) fearfullie,
All that all-loue-deſeruing Paradiſe:
It was as blew as the moſt freezing skies
Neere the Seas hew, for thence her Goddeſſe came:
On it a skarfe ſhe wore of wondrous frame;
In midſt whereof ſhe wrought a virgins face,
From whoſe each cheeke a firie bluſh did chaſe
Two crimſon flames, that did two waies extend,
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuiſion of her minde,
Whiles yet ſhe reſted baſhfully inclinde,
And ſtood not reſolute to wed *Leander*.
This ſeru'd her white necke for a purple ſphere,
And caſt it ſelfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There

There (ſince the firſt breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of ſhips:
But that one ſhip where all her wealth did paſſe
(Like ſimple Marchants goods) *Leander* was:
For in that Sea ſhe naked figured him;
Her diuing needle taught him how to ſwim,
And to each thred did ſuch reſemblance giue,
For ioy to be ſo like him, it did liue.

Things ſenceleſſe liue by arte, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of arte and induſtrie.

Scarce could ſhe worke but in her ſtrength of thought,
She feard ſhe prickt *Leander* as ſhe wrought:
And oft would ſhricke ſo, that her Guardian frighted,
Would ſtaring haſte, as with ſome miſchiefe cited.

They double life that dead things griefes ſuſtayne:
They kill that feele not their friends liuing payne,

Sometimes ſhe feard he ſought her infamie,
And then as ſhe was working of his eie,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill:
But as ſhe prickt, it grew more perfect ſtill.

Trifling attempts no ſerious acts aduance;
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.

In working his faire necke ſhe did ſo grace it,
She ſtill was working her owne armes embrace it:
That, and his ſhoulders, and his hands were ſeene
Aboue the ſtreame, and with a pure Sea greene

She

She did ſo queintly ſhadow euery lim,
All might be ſeen beneath the waues to ſwim.
In this conceited skarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhooting ſtars did glide
In number after her with bloodie beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames,
Purſuing Nature in her Cynthian bodie,
And did her thoughts running on change implie:
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And thinke of wiues ſtates, than when wiues they are.
Beneath all theſe ſhe wrought a Fiſherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean;
Who drew ſo hard ye might diſcouer well,
The toughned ſinewes in his necke did ſwell:
His inward ſtraines draue out his blood-ſhot eies,
And ſprings of ſweat did in his forehead riſe:
Yet was of nought but of a Serpent ſped,
That in his boſome flew and ſtung him dead.
And this by fate iuto her minde was ſent,
Not wrought by meere inſtinct of her intent.
At the skarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forkt point of the diuided flame,
A countrie virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulruſhes combine
Snares for the ſtubble-louing Graſhopper,
And by her lay her skrip that nouriſht her.
Within a myrtle ſhade ſhe ſate and ſung,

And tufts of wauing reeds about her ſprung:
Where lurkt two Foxes, that while ſhe applide
Her trifling ſnares, their theeueries did deuide:
One to the vine, another to her skrip,
That ſhe did negligently ouerſlip:
By which her fruitfull vine and holeſome fare,
She ſuffred ſpoyld to make a childiſh ſnare.
Theſe omenous fancies did her ſoule expreſſe,
And euerie finger made a Propheteſſe,
To ſhew what death was hid in loues diſguiſe,
And make her iudgement conquer Deſtinies.
O what ſweet formes faire Ladies ſoules doe ſhrowd,
Were they made ſeene & forced through their bloud,
If through their beauties like rich work through lawn,
They would ſet forth their minds with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers flie,
To ſtill their yas thouglts with induſtrie:
That their plied wits in numbred ſilks might ſing
Paſſions huge conqueſt, and their needels leading
Affection priſoner through their own-built citties,
Pinniond with ſtories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with *Heros* ſacrifice;
She odours burnd, and from their ſmoke did riſe
Vnſauorie fumes, that ayre with plagues inſpired,
And then the conſecrated ſticks ſhe fired.
On whoſe pale flame an angrie ſpirit flew,
And beat it downe ſtill as it vpward grew.

Hero and Leander.

The Virgin Tapers that on th'altar ſtood,
When ſhe inflam'd them burnd as red as bloud:
All ſad oſtents of that too neere ſucceſſe,
That made ſuch mouing beauties motionleſſe.
Then *Hero* wept; but her affrighted eies
She quickly wreſted from the ſacrifice:
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her ſoft boſome, and from thence ſhe pluckt
His louely picture: which when ſhe had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors ſweetned, and the fires burnd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiect there.
Such was his beautie that the force of light,
Whoſe knowledge teacheth wonders infinite.
The ſtrength of number and proportion,
Nature had plaſte in it to make it knowne.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits
For ſtudie loſt, intombd in droſſie ſpirits.
After this accident (which for her glorie
Hero could not but make a hiſtorie)
Th'inhabitants of *Seſtus*, and *Abydus*,
Did euerie yeare with feaſts propitious,
To faire *Leanders* picture ſacrifice,
And they were perſons of eſpeciall prize
That were allowd it, as an ornament
T inrich their houſes; for the continent
Of the ſtrange vertues all approu'd it held:

For

For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blaſtings, witchcrafts, and the ſtrifes of nature
In thoſe diſeaſes that no hearbs could cure.
The woolfie ſting of Auarice it would pull,
And make the rankeſt miſer bountifull.
It kild the feare of thunder and of death;
The diſcords that conceits ingendereth
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would ceaſe:
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increaſe:
Held in a princes hand it would put out
The dreadfulſt Comet: it would eaſe all doubt
Of threatned miſchiefes: it would bring aſleepe
Such as were mad: it would enforce to weepe
Moſt barbarous eies: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and ſprung *Leandrian* ſects,
Of which was *Hero* firſt: For he whoſe forme
(Held in her hand) cleerd ſuch a fatall ſtorme,
From hell ſhe thought his perſon would defend her,
Which night and *Helleſpont* would quickly ſend her.
With this confirmd, ſhe vowd to baniſh quite
All thought of anie checke to her delite:
And in contempt of ſillie baſhfulnes,
She would the faith of her deſires profeſſe:
Where her Religion ſhould be Policie,
To follow loue with zeale her pietie:
Her chamber her Cathedrall Church ſhould be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe Deitie.

For in her loue theſe did the Gods forgo;
And though her knowledge did not teach her ſo,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her hart
Did greateſt hold in her ſelfe greateſt part,
That ſhe did make her god; and t'was leſſe nought
To leaue gods in profeſſion and in thought,
Than in her loue and life: for therein lies
Moſt of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will;
Thats the grand Atheiſme that raignes in it ſtill.
Yet ſingularitie ſhe would vſe no more,
For ſhe was ſingular too much before:
But ſhe would pleaſe the world with faire pretext;
Loue would not leaue her conſcience perplext.
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out though th'acts be nere ſo ill.
Meannes muſt Pandar be to Excellencie,
Pleaſure attones Fallhood and Conſcience:
Diſſembling was the worſt (thought *Hero* then)
And that was beſt now ſhe muſt liue with men.
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe beſt,
When ſhe did worſt, and when ſhe thought it leſt.
Thus would ſhe ſtill proceed in works diuine,
And in her ſacred ſtate of prieſthood ſhine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein ſhe did *Ioues* thunder hold;
And need not feare thoſe menaces of error,

Which ſhe at others threw with greateſt terror.
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy ſin,
Wayd with thoſe foule faults other Prieſts are in;
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,
T'engender any ſcuſe for ſlubberd duties;
With as much countnance fill their holie chayres,
And ſweat denouncements gainſt prophane affayres,
As if their liues were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the Graces.
Now as with ſetled minde ſhe did repaire,
Her thoughts to ſacrifice, her rauiſht haire
And her torne robe which on the altar lay,
And only for Religions fire did ſtay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In ſuch a volley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as ſhe parted th'ayrie ſphere,
Diſcending now to chide with *Hero* here:
When ſuddenly the Goddeſſe waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds boſoms draw her influence,
Lighted in *Heros* window, and from thence
To her fayre ſhoulders flew the gentle Doues.
Gracefull *Ædone* that ſweet pleaſure loues,
And ruffoot *Chreſte* with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kiſſe her, though their Goddes frowne.
The Swans did in the ſolid flood her glaſſe,
Proyne their fayre plumes, of which the faireſt was,

Ioue-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightnes is;
The other bountie-louing *Dapſilus*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were:
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breaſt ſhinde ſtreames of fire,
As when the rarefied ayre is driuen
In flaſhing ſtreames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew ſhe bore,
And breaking th'icie wreath ſweet *Hero* wore,
She forſt about her browes her wreath of yew,
And ſaid, now minion to thy fate be trew,
Though not to me, indure what this portends;
Begin where lightnes will, in ſhame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pide garters muſt reioyne,
And with her ſtampe thou countnances muſt coyne:
Coynes, and pure deceits for purities,
And ſtill a maid wilt ſeeme in coſc ned eies,
And haue an antike face to laugh within,
While thy ſmooth lookes make men digeſt thy ſin.
But ſince thy lips (leſt thought forſworne) forſwore,
Be neuer virgins vow with truſting more.
When Beauties deareſt did her Goddeſſe heare,
Breathe ſuch rebukes gainſt that ſhe could not cleare;
Dumbe ſorrow ſpake alowd in teares, and blood

That

That from her griefe-burſt vaines in piteous flood,
From the ſweet conduits of her ſauor fell:
The gentle Turtles did with moanes make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges: the white black-eyde Swans
Did ſing as wofull Epicedians,
As they would ſtraightwaies die: when pities Queene
The Goddeſſe *Ecte*, that had euer beene
Hid in a watrie cloude neere *Heros* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eies,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whoſe ſwolne breaſt did breake
With anger at her Goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere for that ſhe vſde ſo much.
And thruſting her white neck at *Venus*, ſaid;
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a maid;
Though ſhe be none, as well as you ſuppreſſe
In modeſt cheekes your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue we drawne you from aboue,
T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
Why in your preiſt then call you that offence
That ſhines in you, and is your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioynd by *Venus*; who with Roſie whips
Beate the kind Bird. Fierce lightning from her eies
Did ſet on fire faire *Heros* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced hayre;
And the bright flame became a maid moſt fayre

For

For her aſpect: her treſſes were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all ſet on fire,
Strugled in pants and could not get releaſt:
Her armes were all with golden pincers dreſt,
And twentie faſhiond knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her bodie girdled with painted Snakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combinde,
Freckled with twentie colours; pyed wings ſhinde
Out of her ſhoulders; Cloth had neuer die,
Nor ſweeter colours neuer viewed eie,
In ſcorching *Turkie*, *Cares Tartarie*,
Than ſhinde about this ſpirit notorious;
Nor was *Arachnes* web ſo glorious.
Of lightning and of ſhreds ſhe was begot;
More hold in baſe diſſemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronuſis*. *Venus* flew
From *Heros* ſight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to ſo ſteepe a height,
That all the world ſhe might command with ſleight
Of her gay wings: and then ſhe bad her haſt,
Since *Hero* had diſſembled, and diſgraſt
Her rites ſo much, and euery breaſt infect
With her deceits ſhe made her Architect
Of all diſsimulation, and ſince then
Neuer was any truſt in maides nor men.
O it ſpighted,
Faire *Venus* hart to ſee her moſt delighted.

And one ſhe chuſde for temper of her minde,
To be the only ruler of her kinde,
So ſoone to let her virgin race be ended;
Not ſimply for the fault a whit offended:
Eut that in ſtrife for chaſtnes with the Moone,
Spitefull *Diana* bad her ſhew but one,
That was her ſeruant vowd, and liu'd a maid,
And now ſhe thought to anſwer that vpbraid,
Hero had loſt her anſwer; who knowes not
Venus would ſeeme as farre from any ſpot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthias* browes; Sin is aſham'd of Sin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and ſcarce durſt vp for feare
Of *Phœbes* laughter, when ſhe paſt her Sphere:
And ſo moſt vgly clowded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thick aire pierce,
Till the daies king, god of vndanted verſe,
Becauſe ſhe was ſo plentifull a theame,
To ſuch as wore his Lawrell *Anademe:*
Like to a firie bullet made deſcent,
And from her paſſage thoſe fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarefide to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as anie vaine,
And ſcalding tempeſts made the earth to ſhrinke
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke
In euerie drop a torturing Spirit flew,

It pierſt ſo deeply, and it burnd ſo blew.
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Perſian ſhield:
And ſhe was free from feare of worſt ſucceſſe;
The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe:
As we grow haples, violence ſubtle growes,
Dumb, deafe, & blind, & comes when no man knowes.

The end of the fourth Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accuſtomd date,
As loth the night, incenſt by fate,
Should wracke our louers; Heros *plight,*
Longs for Leander, *and the night:*
Which, ere her thirſtie wiſh recouers,
She ſends for two betrothed louers,
And marries them, that (with their crew
Their ſports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
With ſecret ioy her owne eſtate.
She makes a feaſt, at which appeares
The wilde Nymph Teras, *that ſtill beares*
An Iuory Lute, tels Omenous tales,
And ſings at ſolemne feſtiuales.

NOw was bright *Hero* weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* ſtay.

Sol,

Sol, and the ſoft-foote *Howrs* hung on his armes,
And would not let him ſwim, forſeeing his harmes:
That day *Aurora* double grace obtainde
Of her loue *Phœbus*; ſhe his Horſes rainde,
Set on his golden knee, and as ſhe liſt
She puld him backe; and as ſhe puld, ſhe kiſt
To haue him turne to bed; he lou'd her more,
To ſee the loue *Leander Hero* bore.
Examples profit much ten times in one,
In perſons full of note, good deeds are done.
Day was ſo long, men walking fell aſleepe,
The heauie humors that their eies did ſteepe,
Made them feare miſchiefs. The hard ſtreets were beds
For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
That ſpight of Nature would their buſines plie.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepſie*,
Men groueld ſo vpon the ſmotherd ground,
And pittie did the hart of heauen confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muſes came
Downe to the Deſtinies, to ſtay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares:
But death before had ſtopt their crueil eares.
All the Celeſtials parted mourning then,
Pierſt wth our humane miſeries more then men.
Ah, nothing doth the world with miſchiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their deſcent the day grew ſomething faire,

And caſt a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to ſhorten time with merriment,
For yong *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* ſent,
Two louers that had long crau'd mariage dues
At *Heros* hands: but ſhe did ſtill refuſe,
For louely *Mya* was her conſort vowd
In her maids ſtate, and therefore not allowd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now
Intended to diſpence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marrie her:
The rites would pleaſing matter miniſter
To her conceits, and ſhorten tedious day.
They came; ſweet Muſick vſherd th odorous way,
And wanton Ayre in twentie ſweet forms danſt
After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanſt
Their enſignes in the downles roſie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all theſe, *Hero* made a friendly feaſt,
Welcomd them kindly, did much loue proteſt,
Winning their harts with all the meanes ſhe might,
That when her fault ſhould chance t abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worſt fate make pittie ſit.
She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: *Hero* ſtriu'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Ayeme, but hard it is
To imitate a falſe and forced blis.

Ill may a ſad minde forge a merrie face,
Nor hath conſtrained laughter any grace.
Then laid ſhe wine on cares to make them ſinke;
VVho feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
To theſe quicke Nuptials entred ſuddenly,
Admired *Teras* with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Seſtian* groues,
And would conſort ſoft virgins in their loues,
At gayſome Triumphs, and on ſolemne daies,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a ſiluer Lute ſhe tide,
With black and purple skarfs by her left ſide.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
And ſhe was term'd his Dwarfe ſhe was ſo ſmall.
Yet great in vertue, for his beames encloſde
His vertues in her: neuer was propoſde
Riddle to her, or Augurie, ſtrange or new,
But ſhe reſolu'd it: neuer ſleight tale flew
From her charmd lips, without important ſence,
Shewne in ſome graue ſucceeding conſequence.
This little Siluane with her ſongs and tales,
Gaue ſuch eſtate to feaſts and Nuptiales,
That though oft times ſhe forewent Tragedies,
Yet for her ſtrangenes ſtill ſhe pleaſde their eies,
And for her ſmalnes they admir'd her ſo,
They thought her perfect borne and could not grow
All eies were on her: *Hero* did commaund

An Altar deckt with ſacred ſtate ſhould ſtand,
At the Feaſts vpper end cloſe by the Bride,
On which the pretie Nymph might ſit eſpide.
Then all were ſilent; euerie one ſo heares,
As all their ſences climbd into their eares:
And firſt this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the Nuptials ſhe did tell:

The tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth ſo ſweet of face,
That many thought him of the femall race:
Such quickning brightnes did his cleere eies dart,
Warme went their beames to his beholders hart.
In ſuch pure leagues his beauties were combinde,
That there your Nuptiall contracts firſt were ſignde.
For as proportion, white, and crimſine, meet
In Beauties mixture, all right cleere, and ſweet
The eie reſponſible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire:
All ſpring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affections ſhould inuade
Two perfect louers: which being yet vnſeene,
Their vertues and their comforts copied been,
In Beauties concord, ſubiect to the eie;
And that, in *Hymen*, pleaſde ſo matchleſly,
That louers were eſteemde in their full grace,

Like

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face;
And ſuch ſweet concord was thought worthie then
Of torches, muſicke, feaſts, and greateſt men:
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chaſteſt minde
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of ſacred kinde:
For onely now his chins firſt doune conſorted
His heads rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was ſo lou'd, he lou'd ſo too,
So ſhould beſt bewties, bound by Nuptials doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men ſaide
The nobleſt, faireſt, and the richeſt maide,
Of all th' *Athenian* damzels, *Hymen* lou'd;
With ſuch tranſmiſſion, that his heart remou'd
From his white breſt to hers, but her eſtate
In paſſing his, was ſo interminate
For wealth and honor, that his loue durſt feed
On nought but ſight & hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand priſe of loue;
Nor could he heare or ſee but he muſt proue
How his rare bewties muſicke would agree
With maids in conſort: therefore robbed he
His chin of thoſe ſame few firſt fruits it bore,
And clad in ſuch attire, as Virgins wore,
He kept them companie, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of Bewtie: yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne deſires implanted

In his deare *Eucharis*; for women neuer
Loue beautie in their ſex, but enuie euer.
His iudgement yet (that durſt not ſuite addreſſe,
Nor paſt due meanes, preſume of due ſucceſſe)
Reaſon gat fortune in the end to ſpeede
To his beſt prayes: but ſtrange it ſeemd indeede,
That fortune ſhould a chaſt affection bleſſe,
Preferment ſeldome graceth baſhfulneſſe.
Nor graſte it *Hymen* yet; but many a dart
And many an amorous thought enthrald his hart,
Ere he obtaind her; and he ſick became,
Forſt to abſtaine her ſight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his boſome. O what griefe did fill him:
Sight made him ſick, and want of ſight did kill him.
The virgins wondred where *Dianta* ſtayd.
For ſo did *Hymen* terme himſelfe a mayd,
At length with ſickly lookes he greeted them:
T'is ſtrange to ſee gainſt what an extreame ſtreame
A louer ſtriues; poore *Hymen* lookt ſo ill,
That as in merit he increaſed ſtill,
By ſuffring much, ſo he in grace decreaſt.
Women are moſt wonne when men merit leaſt:
If merit looke not well, loue bids ſtands by,
Loues ſpeciall leſſon is to pleaſe the eye.
And *Hymen* ſoone recouering all he loſt,
Deceiuing ſtill theſe maids, but himſelfe moſt.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with songs and hallowed lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous Sacrifice; were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforst their shining spoile,
Farre from the darkned Citie, tir'd with toile.
And when the yellow issue of the skie
Came trouping forth, ielous of crueltie,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horride Caue, the theeues black mansion,
Where wearie of the iourney they had gon,
Their last nights watch, & drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silken chains,
Stronger then yron, and bound the swelling vaines
And tyred sences of these lawles Swaines.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burnd;
O what a hell was heauen in! how they mournd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden storms
Fell from their eies: As when the Sunne appeares,
And yet it raines, so shewd their eyes their teares.
And as when funerall dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he eate, what he would say;

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smothering thẽſelues in clouds of their owne breaths.
At length one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden boale drinks teares out of their eine,
As they drinke wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So caſt theſe virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face diſplaies;
Lips by reflexion kiſt, and hands hands ſhooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.
But *Hymen* now vſde friendly *Morphius* aide,
Slew euery theefe, and reſcude euery maide.
And now did his enamourd paſſion take
Hart from his hartie deed, whoſe worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more ſtrong;
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, who had long
Iuggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all ſhapes, and varied all his ſhifts,
To win *Loues* ſtay with him, and make him loue him:
And whẽ he ſaw no ſtrength of ſleight could moue him
To make him loue, or ſtay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* ſelfe, he ſo extreamely burnd.
And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,
T'encounter *Eucharis*: firſt like the flowre
That *Junos* milke did ſpring the ſiluer Lillie,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who ſtraight did ſpie
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous ioy

Offred

Offred it *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the ſubtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt ſo you could not know it.
As two cleere Tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lillie and the hand their white:
She viewd it, and her view the forme beſtowes
Amongſt her ſpirits: for as colour flowes
From ſuperficies of each thing we ſee,
Euen ſo with colours formes emitted bee:
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme;
He entred at the eye, his ſacred ſtorme
Roſe from the hand, loues ſweeteſt inſtrument:
It ſtird her bloods ſea ſo, that high it went,
And beat in baſhfull waues gainſt the white ſhore
Of her diuided cheekes; it rag'd the more,
Becauſe the tide went gainſt the haughtie winde
Of her eſtate and birth: And as we finde
In fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles
The greene-hayrd *Hellespont*, broke in ſiluer curles
Gainſt *Heros* towre: but in his blaſts retreate,
The waues Obeying him, they after beate,
Leauing the chalkie ſhore a great way pale,
Then moyſt it freſhly with another gale:
So ebd and flood in *Eucharis* face,
Coyneſſe and Loue ſtriu'd which had greateſt grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coyneſſe ſide;
Feare of her parents frownes, and femall pride,

Lothing the lower place, more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,
Which scarce could so much fauour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameles idle stood,
Action is fitie valours soueraigne good.
But Loue once entred, wisht no greater aid
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid,
The bribde, but incorrupted Garrison,
Sung *Jo Hymen*; there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her rougheſt frownes
To turne them out; and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie:
This was his first braue step to deitie.

Home to the mourning citie they repayre,
With newes as holesome as the morning ayre,
To the sad parents of each saued maid:
But *Hymen* and his *Euchari's* had laid
This plat, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chast *Euchari's*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blis;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force: so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,

Praise

Praiſe *Hymens* valour much, nothing beſtowne,
Hymen muſt leaue the virgins in a Groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and go firſt to proue
If to reſtore them all with fame and life,
He ſhould enioy his deareſt as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the moſt agree:
The riper ſort knowing what t'is to bee
The firſt mouth of a newes ſo farre deriu'd,
And that to heare and beare newes braue folks liu'd,
As being a carriage ſpeciall hard to beare,
Occurrents, theſe occurrents being ſo deare,
They did with grace proteſt, they were content
T'accoſt their friends with all their complement,
For *Hymens* good: but to incurre their harme,
There he muſt pardō them. This wit went warme
To *Adoleſhes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie:
Her heart and all her forces neither traine,
Climbd to her tongue, & thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher: and it muſt go,
All powers ſhe had, euen her tongue did ſo.
In ſpirit and quicknes ſhe much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknes ſake,
And ſhe would haſt and tell. The reſt all ſtay,
Hymen goes on; the Nymph another way:
And what became of her ile tell at laſt:
Yet take her viſage now: moyſt lipt, long fa'ſt,

Thin like an iron wedge, ſo ſharpe and tart,
As t'were of purpoſe made to cleaue *Loues* heart,
Well were this louely Beautie rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome ſuite, which he with ioy aſpirde:
A hundred princely youths with him retirde
To fetch the Nymphes: Chariots and muſick went,
And home they came: heauen with applauſes rent.
The Nuptials ſtraight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Freſh in their ioyes might doe them moſt renowne.
Firſt gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quick offring burnd in flames of haire.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The Godhead-prouing Bride, attended went
Before them all, ſhe lookt in her commaund,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* ſiluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and cruſht out one flame,
She bluſht to ſee how beautie ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her ſweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie Augurie
Of generation, whoſe efficient right
Is nothing elſe but to produce to light.
The od diſparent number they did chuſe,
To ſhew the vnion married loues ſhould vſe,
Since in two equall parts it will not ſeuer,

But the midſt holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts: men therfore deeme,
That equall number Gods doe not eſteeme,
Being authors of ſweet peace and vnitie,
But pleaſing to th'infernall Emperie,
Vnder whoſe enſignes Wars and Diſcords fight,
Since an euen number you may diſunite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft:
And fiue they hold in moſt eſpeciall priſe,
Since t'is the firſt od number that doth riſe
From the two formoſt numbers vnitie
That od and euen are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number. Next did go
A noble Matron that did ſpinning beare
A huſwiues rock and ſpindle, and did weare
A Weathers skin, with all the ſnowy fleece,
To intimate that euen the daintieſt peece,
And nobleſt borne dame ſhould induſtrious bee,
That which does good, diſgraceth no degree.
And now to *Junos* Temple they are come,
Where her graue Prieſt ſtood in the mariage rome.
On his right arme did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his ſhoulders to the ground did traile
On either ſide, Ribands of white and blew;
With the red vaile he hid the baſhfull hew

Of the chaſt Bride, to ſhew the modeſt ſhame,
In coupling with a man ſhould grace a dame.
Then tooke he the diſparent Silks, and tide
The louers by the waſts, and ſide to ſide,
In token that thereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelfe ſacred knot each other minde.
Before them on an Altar he preſented
Both fire and water: which was firſt inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produ'ſt by Nature,
Moyſture and heat muſt mixe: ſo man and wife
For humane race muſt ioyne in Nuptiall life.
Then one of *Junos* Birds, the painted Iay,
He ſacrifiſde, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the Altar throw,
In ſigne no bitternes of hate ſhould grow
Twixt maried loues, nor any leaſt diſdaine.
Nothing they ſpake, for t'was eſteemd too plaine
For the moſt ſilken mildnes of a maid,
To let a publike audience heare it ſaid
She boldly tooke the man: and ſo reſpected
Was baſhfulnes in *Athens*: it erected
To chaſt *Agneia*, which is Shamefaſtneſſe,
A ſacred Temple, holding her a Goddeſſe.
And now to Feaſts, Masks, and triumphant ſhowes,
The ſhining troupes returnd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickeſt part of night,

When

When the ſweet Nuptiall ſong that vſde to cite
All to their reſt, was by *Phemonor* ſung:
Firſt *Delphian* Propheteſſe, whoſe graces ſprung
Out of the *Muſes* well ſhe ſung before
The Bride into her chamber: at which dore
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did ſtand;
A painted box of Confits in her hand
The Matron held, and ſo did other ſome
That compaſt round the honourd Nuptiall rome.
The cuſtome was that euerie maid did weare,
During her maidenhead, a ſilken Sphere
About her waſte, aboue her inmoſt weede,
Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freede
By the faire Bridegrome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eterniſde *Hymens* tender Bride,
To ſuffer it diſſolu'd ſo ſweetly cride.
The maids that heard, ſo lou'd, and did adore her,
They wiſht with all their hearts to ſuffer for her.
So had the Matrons, that with Confits ſtood
About the chamber, ſuch affectionate blood,
And ſo true feeling of her harmeles paines,
That euerie one a ſhowre of Confits raines.
For which the Bride youths ſcrambling on the ground,
In noyſe of that ſweet haile their cries were drownd.
And thus bleſt *Hymen* ioyde his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron myrror by which *Phœbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The clowdie mountaines: and the noble maide,
Sharp-viſag'd *Adoleſche*, that was ſtraide
Out of her way, in haſting with her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* turrets viewes,
And now brought home by guids: ſhe heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be ſtale,
And how fayre *Hymens* honors did excell
For thoſe rare newes, which ſhe came ſhort to tell.
To heare her deare tongue robd of ſuch a ioy,
Made the well-ſpoken Nymph take ſuch a toy,
That downe ſhe ſunke: when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane bodie, and for meere free loue,
Turnd into the pied-plum'd *Pſittacus*,
That now the Parrat is ſurnam'd by vs,
Who ſtill with counterfeit confuſion prates,
Nought but newes common to the commonſt mates.
This tolde, ſtrange *Teras* toucht her Lute and ſung
This dittie, that the Trochie euening ſprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

COme come deare night, loues Mart of kiſſes,
Sweet cloſe of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull ſummer of his bliſſes,
Loues glory doth in darknes ſhine.
O come ſoft reſt of Cares, come night,

Come naked vertues only tire,
The reaped harueſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
Come Night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For Torches to our Nuptiall grace.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
No neede haue we of factious Day,
To caſt in enuie of thy peace,
Her bals of Diſcord in thy way:
Here beauties day doth neuer ceaſe,
Day is abſtracted here,
And varied in a triple ſphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, ſo outſhine thee,
Ere thou come here let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.

The Euening ſtarre I ſee,
Riſe youths the Euening ſtarre,
Helps Loue to ſummon warre,
Both now imbracing bee.
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.
Now the bright Marygolds that deckt the skies,
Phœbus celeſtiall flowrs, that (contrarie
To his flowers here) ope when he ſhuts his eie,
And ſhuts when he doth open, crowne your ſports:
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtſhip and Dances: All your parts employ,
And ſuite nights rich expanſure with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in ſweet virgins eies:
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.
Riſe virgins, let fayre Nuptiall loues enfolde
Your fruitles breaſts: the maidenheads ye holde
Are not your owne alone, but parted are;
Part in diſpoſing them your Parents ſhare,
And that a third part is: ſo muſt ye ſaue
Your loues a third, and you your thirds muſt haue.
Loue paints his longings in ſweete virgins eies:
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.
Herewith the amorous ſpirit that was ſo kinde
To *Teras* haire, and combd it downe with winde,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe: which ſtaring vp, diſmaid

The timorous feaſt, and ſhe no longer ſtaid:
But bowing to the Bridegrome and the Bride,
Did like a ſhooting exhalation glide
Out of their ſights: the turning of her back
Made them all ſhrieke, it lookt ſo ghaſtly black.
O haples *Hero*, that moſt haples clowde
Thy ſoone-ſucceeding Tragedie foreſhowde.
Thus all the Nuptiall crew to ioyes depart,
But much-rongd *Hero*, ſtood Hels blackeſt dart:
Whoſe wound becauſe I grieue ſo to diſplay,
I vſe digreſſions thus t'encreaſe the day.

The end of the fifth Seſtiad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

Leucote *flies to all the windes,*
And from the fates their outrage blindes,
That Hero *and her loue may meete.*
Leander (*with* Loues *compleate Fleete*
Mand in himſelfe) *puts forth to Seas,*
When ſtraight the ruthles Deſtinies,
With Ate *ſtirre the windes to warre*
Vpon the Helleſpont: *Their iarre*
Drownes poore Leander. Heros *eyes*
Wet witneſſes of his ſurpriſe
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe caſts her downe
Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne.

In whose iust ruth the God of Seas,
Transformes them to th' Acanthides.

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her Throne; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreames lay sucking: all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eies,
Daies too long darts so kild their faculties.
The windes yet, like the flowrs to cease began:
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t'entreate them lay
Their charge vpon the windes their rage to stay,
That the sterne battaile of the Seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauors to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, least Seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious Destinie:
Who like a fleering slauish Parasite,
In warping profit or a traiterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten bodie with deuotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throte (and othes as fowle
As his false heart) the beautie of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

That

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Like a cock-ſparrow, or a ſhameles queane
Sharp at a red-lipt youth, & nought doth meane
Of all his antick ſhewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a ſcattred hayre
From his tame ſubiects ſhoulder; whips, and cals
For euerie thing he lacks; creeps gainſt the wals
With backward humbleſſe, to giue needles way:
Thus his falſe fate did with *Leander* p a.
First to blacke *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne amongſt the *Negros* in the *Leuant* Sea,
On whoſe curld head the glowing Sun doth riſe,
And ſhewes the ſoueraigne will of Deſtinies,
To haue him ceaſe his blaſts, and downe he lies.
Next, to the fennie *Notus*, courſe ſhe holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a rocke, his white hayre full of ſhowres,
And him ſhe chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his clowdie voyce,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowers reioyce,
To ſnake-foote *Boreas* next ſhe did remoue,
And found him toſſing of his rauiſht loue,
To heate his froſtie boſome hid in ſnow,
Who with *Leucotes* ſight did ceaſe to blow.
Thus all were ſtill to *Heros* hearts deſire,
Who with all ſpeed did conſecrate a fire
Of flaming Gummes, and comfortable Spice,

To light her Torch, which in ſuch curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* ſight,
That nought but fires perfum'd muſt giue it light.
She lou'd it ſo, ſhe grieu'd to ſee it burne,
Since it would waſt and ſoone to aſhes turne:
Yet if it burnd not, t'were not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet Torch, True Glaſſe of our ſocietie;
What man does good, but he conſumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen ſhow:
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obſcur'd, held low.
Doe good be pinde, be deedles good, diſgraſt:
Vnles we feed on men, we let them faſt.
Yet *Hero* with theſe thoughts her Torch did ſpend.
When Bees makes waxe, Nature doth not intend
It ſhall be made a Torch: but we that know
The proper vertue of it make it ſo,
And when t is made we light it: nor did Nature
Propoſe one life to maids, but each ſuch creature
Makes by her ſoule the beſt of her true ſtate,
Which without loue is rude, diſconſolate,
And wants loues fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but Torches wanting light.
Thus gainſt our griefe, not cauſe of griefe we fight,
The right of nought is gleande, but the delight.
Vp went ſhe, but to tell how ſhe deſcended,
Would God ſhe were not dead, or my verſe ended.

She was the rule of wiſhes, ſumme and end
For all the parts that did on loue depend:
Yet caſt the Torch his brightnes further forth;
But what ſhines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powres in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiſſe but fire that only ſhewes purſue,
Her Torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew, and vertue.
Now at oppoſde *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and mar y a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, cracks of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guiltie *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtainde
With bloodie torrent, that the ſhambles rainde;
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
Rich banquets triumphs, euery pomp emploies,
His ſumptuous hand: no miſers Nuptiall icies,
Ayre felt continuall thunder with the noyſe,
Made in the generall mariage violence:
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
But the two haples Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Of credulous loue made him moſt rich ſurmiſde,
As ſhort was he of that himſelfe he priſde,
As is an emptie Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act each drop a ſtorme,
That fals from his braue breathings; moſt brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feaſts; and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th'attire he weares,
Hath ſeene the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Obſerues their rampires and their buildings yet.
And for your ſweet diſcourſe with mouthes is heard,
Giuing inſtructions with his verie beard,
Hath gone with an Ambaſſadour, and been
A great mans mate in trauailing, euen to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in ſuch a face,
As he ſaw braue men make, and ſtriues for grace
To get his newes forth; as when you deſcrie
A ſhip with all her ſayle contends to flie
Out of the narrow Thames with windes vnapt,
Now croſſeth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of halfe a burdbolts ſhoote; keeping more coyle,
Then if ſhe danſt vpon the Oceans toyle:
So ſerious is his trifling companie,
In all his ſwelling ſhip of vacantrie.
And ſo ſhort of himſelfe in his high thought,

Was

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought.
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwiſe, he skornes compariſon.

O ſweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a ſhort graue; ill fauourd ſtormes muſt chide
Thy ſacred fauour; I, in floods of inck
Muſt drown thy graces, which white papers drin
Euen as thy beauties did the foule black Seas:
I muſt deſcribe the hell of thy diſeaſe,
That heauen did merit: yet I needes muſt ſee
Our painted fooles and cockhorſe Peſſantrie
Still ſtill vſurpe, with long liues, loues, and luſt,
The ſeates of vertue, cutting ſhort as duſt
Her deare bought iſſue; ill, to worſe conuerts,
And tramples in the blood of all deſerts.

Night cloſe and ſilent now goes faſt before
The Captaines and ſouldiers to the ſhore,
On whom attended the appointed Fleete
At *Seſtus* Bay, that ſhould *Leander* meete.
Who fainde he in another ſhip would paſſe:
Which muſt not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home, but the courſe he tooke.
Forth did his beautie for his beautie looke,
And ſaw her through her Torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
Form'd in ſtrong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That ſaies a God ſits there and guides his courſe.

His ſiſter was with him, to whom he ſhewd
His guide by Sea: and ſaid, oft haue you viewd
In one heauen many ſtarres, but neuer yet
In one ſtarre many heauens till now were met.
See louely ſiſter, ſee, now *Hero* ſhines
No heauen but her appeares: each ſtar repines,
And all are clad in cloudes, as if they mournd,
To be by influence of earth out-burnd.
Yet doth ſhe ſhine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be conſtant in Hels blackeſt raigne:
Though euen the gods themſelues do ſo entreat them
As they did hate, and earth as ſhe would eate them.
Off went his ſilken robe, and in he leapt;
Whom the kinde waues ſo licorouſly cleapt,
Thicknin; for haſte one in another ſo,
To kiſſe his skin, that he might almoſt go
To *Heros* Towre, had that kind minuit laſted.
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* haſted
To all the windes, and made them battaile fight
Vpon the *Helleſpont*, for eithers right
Pretended to the windie Monarchie.
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie,
And toſt diſtreſt *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen, Bliſſe not in height doth dwell.
The Deſtinies ſate dancing on the waues,
To ſee the glorious windes with mutuall braues
Conſume each other: O true glaſſe to ſee,

How ruinous ambitious Statists bee
To their owne glories! Poore *Leander* cried
For help to Sea-borne *Venus*; she denied
To *Boreas*, that for his *Atthæas* sake,
He would some pittie on his *Hero* take,
And for his owne loues sake, on his desires:
But Glorie neuer blowes cold Pitties fires.
Then calde he *Neptune*, who through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice:
And vp he rose, for hast his forehead hit
Gainst heauens hard Christall, his proud waues he smit
With his forkt scepter, that could not obey,
Much greater powers then *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
When they came neere him; and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,
And the poore louer tooke a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On euerie waue, and with the seruile windes
Tumbled them on him: And now *Hero* findes
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state,
She wept and praied for him to euerie fate,
And euerie winde that whipt her with her haire
About the face, she kist and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eies
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare foode it eate:
Deare, for it nouriſht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe ſhe reſcude from their ſtrife:
But ſilke too ſoft was, ſuch hard hearts to breake,
And ſhe deare ſoule, euen as her ſilke, faint, weake,
Could not preſerue it: out, O out it went.
Leander ſtill cald *Neptune*, that now rent
His brackiſh curles, and tore his wrinkled face
Where teares in billowes did each other chaſe,
And (burſt with ruth) he hurld his marble mace
At the ſterne Fates, it wounded *Lacheſis*
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not miſſe
The thread it ſelfe, as it her hand did hit,
But ſmote it full and quite did ſunder it.
The more kinde *Neptune* rag'd, the more he raſte
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embraſte.
Anger doth ſtill his owne miſhap encreaſe;
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.
O theeuiſh Fates, to let Blood, Fleſh, and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poyſoned influence.
Though ſoules gifts ſtarue, the bodies are held deare
In vglieſt things; Sence-ſport preſerues a Beare.
But here nought ſerues our turnes; O heauen & earth,
How moſt moſt wreched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,

Knowing

Knowing there was a ſtorme in *Heros* hart,
Greater then they could make, and skornd their ſmart.
She bowd her ſelfe ſo low out of her Towre,
That wonder t'was ſhe fell not ere her howre,
With ſearching the lamenting waues for him;
Like a poore Snayle, her gentle ſuppie lim
Hung on her Turrets top ſo moſt downe right,
As ſhe would diue beneath the darknes quite,
To finde her Iewell; Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths Iewels pleaſde not her,
Like his deare name; *Leander*, ſtill my choice,
Come nought but my *Leander*; O my voice
Turne to *Leander*: hence-forth be all ſounds,
Accents, and phraſes that ſhew all griefes wounds,
Analiſde in *Leander*. O black change!
Trumpets doe you with thunder of your clange,
Driue out this changes horror, my voice faints:
Where all ioy was, now ſhricke out all complaints.
Thus cried ſhe, for her mixed ſoule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell
Proſtrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Bluſhes that bled out of her cheekes did ſhow,
Leander brought by *Neptune*, bruſde and torne,
With Citties ruines he to Rocks had worne,
To filthie vſering Rocks that would haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She ſaw him, and the ſight was much much more,

Then

Then might haue ſeru'd to kill her, ſhould her ſtore
Of giant ſorrowes ſpeake? Burſt, die, bleede,
And leaue poore plants to vs that ſhall ſucceede.
She fell on her loues boſome, hugg'd it faſt,
And with *Leanders* name ſhe breath'd her laſt.
Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them into the ayre, and did awake them.
Like two ſweet birds ſurnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thiſtle-warps, that neere no Seas
Dare euer come, but ſtill in couples flie,
And feede on Thiſtle tops, to teſtifie
The hardnes of their firſt life in their laſt:
The firſt in thornes of loue, that ſorrowes paſt,
And ſo moſt beautifull their colours ſhow,
As none (ſo little) like them: her ſad brow
A ſable veluet feather couers quite,
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they ſorrow, Ladies vſde to weare:
Their wings, blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours, that as we conſtrue colours paint
Their ſtates to life, the yellow ſhewes their ſaint,
The daintie *Venus* left them blew, their truth,
The red and black enſignes of death and ruth.
And this true honor from their loue death ſprung,
They were the firſt that euer Poet ſung.

FINIS.

357 MARLOW (CHRISTOPHER) HERO AND LEANDER: Begunne by Christopher Marloe: Whereunto is added the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same author, 2 parts, *with a separate title to the second*, "LUCANS FIRST BOOKE TRANSLATED LINE FOR LINE, BY CHR. MARLOE," *a few headlines cut into, small rust-hole in* D 2, PART I, *Printed for John Flasket*, 1600, PART II, *Printed by P. Short and are to be sold by Walter Burre*, 1600—CHURCHYARD (THOMAS) CHURCHYARDS CHALLENGE, FIRST EDITION, black letter, *typographical ornament above title* (*cut into*), *the 'S' of 'Churchyards' cropped, wanting ll.* Aa 3 *and* 4, *some side-notes cut into, pp.* 241-254 *missing, printed by John Wolfe*, 1593—Relation of such things as were observed to happen in the journey of Charles Earle of Nottingham, High Admirall of England, Ambassadour to the King of Spaine, *imperfect, ends with p.* 62, *some side-notes cut into, M. Bradwood for G. Seaton*, 1605; in 1 vol. *old calf*

*** THIS EDITION OF MARLOW'S HERO AND LEANDER IS EXCESSIVELY RARE. No copy appears to be recorded by "Book Prices Current," since its inception. W. C. Hazlitt states: "The version of Lucan, though mentioned in the title, has, it is believed never been sold with the book."—*Old English Literature*, 1867.

LVCANS
FIRST BOOKE
TRANSLATED LINE FOR LINE, BY CHR. MARLOVV.

AT LONDON,
Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter Burre at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules Churchyard, 1600.

TO HIS KIND, AND TRVE FRIEND: EDWARD BLVNT.

BLount: *I purpoſe to be blũt with you, & out of my dulneſſe to encounter you with a* Dedication *in the memory of that pure Elementall wit* Chr. Marlow; *whoſe ghoaſt or* Genius *is to be ſeene walke the* Churchyard *in* (*at the leaſt*) *three or foure ſheets. Me thinks you ſhould preſently looke wilde now, and growe humorouſly frantique vpon the taſt of it. Well, leaſt you ſhould, let mee tell you. This ſpirit was ſometime a familiar of your own,* Lucans firſt booke tranſlated; *which* (*in regard of your old right in it*) *I haue rais'd in the circle of your Patronage. But ſtay now* Edward (*if I miſtake not*) *you are to accommodate your ſelfe with ſome fewe inſtructions, touching the property of a Patron, that you are not yet poſſeſt of; and to ſtudy them for your better grace as our Gallants do faſhions. Firſt you muſt be proud and thinke you haue merit inough in you, though you are ne're ſo emptie; then when I bring you the booke take phyſicke, and keepe ſtate, aſſigne me a time by your man to come againe, and afore the day be ſure to haue chang'd your lodging; in the meane time ſleepe little, and ſweat with the inuention of ſome pittiful dry ieſt or two which you may happen to viter, with ſome litle* (*or not at al*) *marking of your friends when you haue found a place for them to come in at: or if by chance ſomething has dropt from you worth the taking vp weary all*

that come to you with the often repetition of it; (censure scornefully inough, and somewhat like a trauailer; commend nothing least you discredit your (that which you would seeme to haue) iudgement. These things if you can mould your selfe to them Ned *I make no question but they will not become you. One speciall vertue in our Patrons of these dates I haue promist my selfe you shall fit excellently, which is to giue nothing; Yes, thy loue I will challenge as my peculiar Obiect both in this, and (I hope) manie more succeeding offices: Farewell, I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this Nature: Leaue to thinke good of me when I fall from thee.*

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOM. THORPE.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF LVCAN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

WARS worſe then ciuill on *Theſſalian* playnes,
And outrage ſtrangling law & people ſtrong,
We ſing, whoſe conquering ſwords their own breaſts
Armies alied, the kingdoms league vprooted (laūcht
Th'affrighted worlds force: bent on publique ſpoile,
Trumpets, and drums like deadly threatning other,
Eagles alike diſplaide, darts anſwering darts:
Romans, what madnes, what huge luſt of warre
Hath made *Barbarians* drunke with *latin* bloud?
Now Babilon, (proud through our ſpoile) ſhould ſtoop
While ſlaughtred *Craſſus* ghoſt walks vnreueng'd.
Will ye wadge war, for which you ſhall not triumph?
Ay me, O what a world of land and ſea,
Might they haue won whom ciuil broiles haue ſlaine,
As far as *Titan* ſprings where night dims heauen,
I to the *Torrid Zone* vvhere midday burnes,
And vvhere ſtiffe vvinter vvhom no ſpring reſolues,
Fetters the Euxin ſea, vvith chaines of yce:
Scythia and vvilde *Armenia* had bin yoakt,
And they of *Nilus* mouth (if there liue any.)
Roome if thou take delight in impious vvarre,
Firſt conquer all the earth, then turne thy force
Againſt thy ſelfe: as yet thou vvants not foes,

That now the walles of houſes halfe reaer'd totter,
That rampiers fallen down, huge heapes of ſtone
Lye in our townes, that houſes are abandon'd,
And few liue that behold their ancient ſeats;
Italy many yeares hath lyen vntil'd,
And choakt with thorns, that greedy earth wãts hinds
Fierce *Pirhus*, neither thou nor *Hanniball*
Art ca uſe, no forraine foe could ſo afflict vs,
Theſe plagues ariſe from wreake of ciuill power.
But if for *Nero* (then vnborne) the fates
Would find no other meanes, (and gods not ſleightly
Purchaſe immortal thrones; nor *Ioue* ioide heauen
Vntill the cruel Giants war was done.)
We plaine not heauens, but gladly beare theſe euils
For *Neros* ſake: *Pharſalia* grone with ſlaughter;
And *Carthage* ſoules be glutted with our blouds;
At *Munda* let the dreadfull battailes ioyne;
Adde *Cæſar*; to theſe ills *Peruſian* famine;
The *Mutin* toyles; the fleet at *Leuca* ſuncke;
And cruel field, nere burning *Aetna* fought:
Yet Room is much bound to theſe ciuil armes, (old
Which made thee Emperor, thee (ſeeing thou being
Muſt ſhine a ſtar) ſhal heauen (whom thou loueſt,)
Receiue with ſhouts; where thou wilt raigne as King,
Or mount the ſunnes flame bearing charriot,
And with bright reſtles fire compaſſe the earth,
Vndaunted though her former guide be chang'd,
Nature, and euery power ſhal giue thee place,
What God it pleaſe thee be, or where to ſway:

But

But neither chuſe the north t'erect thy ſeat;
Nor yet the aduerſe reking ſoutherne pole, (beams
Whence thou ſhouldſt view thy Roome with ſquinting
If any one part of vaſt heauen thou ſwayeſt.
The burdened axes with thy force will bend;
The midſt is beſt; that place is pure, and bright,
Their *Cæſar* may'ſt thou ſhine and no cloud dim thee;
Then men from war ſhal bide in league, and eaſe,
Peace through the world from *Janus Phane* ſhal flie,
And boult the brazen gates with barres of Iron.
Thou *Cæſar* at this inſtant art my God,
Thee if I inuocate, I ſhall not need
To craue *Appolles* ayde, or *Bacchus* helpe;
Thy power inſpires the *Muze* that ſings this war.
The cauſes firſt, I purpoſe to vnfould
Of theſe garboiles, whence ſprings along diſcourſe,
And what made madding people ſhake off peace.
The fates are enuious, high ſeats quickly periſh,
Vnder great burdens fals are euer greeuous;
Roome was ſo great it could not beare it ſelfe:
So when this worlds compounded vnion breakes,
Time ends and to old *Chaos* all things turne;
Confuſed ſtars ſhal meete, celeſtiall fire
Fleete on the flouds, the earth ſhoulder the ſea,
Affording it no ſhoare, and *Phœbe's* waine,
Chace *Phœbus* and inrag'd affect his place,
And ſtriue to ſhine by day, and ful of ſtrife
Diſolue the engins of the broken world.

All great things cruſh themſelues, ſuch end the gods,
Allot the height of honor, men ſo ſtrong.
By land, and ſea, no forreine force could ruine:
O Roome thy ſelfe art cauſe of all theſe euils,
Thy ſelfe thus ſhiuered out to three mens ſhares,
Dire league of partners in a kingdome laſt not.
O faintly ioyn'd friends with ambition blind,
Why ioine you force to ſhare the world betwixt you?
While th'earth, the ſea, and ayre, the earth ſuſtaines;
While *Titan* ſtriues againſt the worlds ſwift courſe;
Or *Cynthia* nights Queene waights vpon the day;
Shall neuer faith be found in fellow kings.
Dominion cannot ſuffer partnerſhip;
This need no forraine proofe, nor far fet ſtory:
Roomes infant walles were ſteept in brothers bloud;
Nor then was land, or ſea, to breed ſuch hate,
A towne with one poore church ſet them at oddes.
Cæſars, and *Pompeys* iarring loue ſoone ended,
T'was peace againſt their wils, betwixt them both
Stept *Craſſus* in, euen as the ſlender *Iſthmos*,
Betwixt the *Aezean* and the *Ionian* ſea,
Keepes each from other, but being worne away
They both burſt out, and each incounter other:
So when as *Craſſus* wretched death who ſtayd them,
Had fild *Aſſirian Carras* wals with bloud,
His loſſe made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians y'afflict vs more then ye ſuppoſe,
Being conquered, we are plaugde with ciuil war,

Swords

Swords ſhare our Empire, fortune that made Roome
Gouerne the earth, the ſea, the world it ſelfe
Would not admit two Lords: for *Julia*
Snatcht hence by cruel fates with ominous howles,
Bare downe to hell her ſonne the pledge of peace,
And all bonds of that death preſaging aliance.
Julia, had heauen giuen thee longer life
Thou hadſt reſtrainde thy headſtrong husbands rage.
Yea and thy father to, and ſwords thrown down.
Made all ſhake hands as once the *Sabines* did;
Thy death broake amity and trainde to war,
Theſe Captaines emulous of each others glory.
Thou feard'ſt (great *Pompey* that late deeds would dim)
Olde triumphs, and that *Cæſars* conquering France,
Would daſh the wreath thou wearſt for Pirats wracke
Thee wars vſe ſtirde, and thoughts that alwaies ſcorn'd
A ſecond place; *Pompey* could bide no equall,
Nor *Cæſar* no ſuperior, which of both
Had iuſteſt cauſe vnlawful tis to iudge:
Each ſide had great partakers; *Cæſars* cauſe,
The gods abetted; *Cato* likt the other;
Both differ'd much, *Pompey* was ſtrooke in yeares,
And by long reſt forgot to manage armes,
And being popular ſought by liberal giſts,
To gaine the light vnſtable commons loue,
And ioyed to heare his *Theaters* applauſe;
He liu'd ſecure boaſting his former deeds,
And thought his name ſufficient to vphold him,

Like to a tall oake in a fruitfull field,
Bearing old ſpoiles and conquerors monuments,
Who though his root be weake, and his owne waight
Keepe him within the ground, his armes al bare,
His body (not his boughs) ſend forth a ſhade;
Though euery blaſt it nod, and ſeeme to fal,
When all the woods about ſtand bolt vp-right,
Yet he alone is held in reuerence.
Cæſars renowne for war was leſſe, he reſtles,
Shaming to ſtriue but where he did ſubdue,
When yre, or hope prouokt, heady, & bould,
At al times charging home, & making hauock;
Vrging his fortune, truſting in the gods
Deſtroying what withſtood his proud deſires,
And glad when bloud, & ruine made him way:
So thunder which the wind teares from the cloudes,
With cracke of riuen ayre and hideous ſound,
Filling the world, leapes out and throwes forth fire,
Affrights poore fearefull men, and blaſts their eyes
With ouerthwarting flames, and raging ſhoots
Alongſt the ayre and not reſiſting it
Falls, and returnes, and ſhiuers where it lights.
Such humors ſtirde them vp; but this warrs ſeed,
Was euen the ſame that wrack's all great dominions.
When fortune made vs lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licencious and rude,
The ſoldiours pray, and rapine brought in ryot,
Men tooke delight in Iewels, houſes, plate,

And

And ſcorn'd old ſparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Pouerty (who hatcht
Roomes greateſt wittes) was loath'd, and al the world
Ranſanckt for golde, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands,
The ground which *Curius* and *Camillus* till'd,
Was ſtretcht vnto the fields of hinds vnknowne;
Againe, this people could not brooke calme peace,
Them freedome without war might not ſuffice,
Quarrels were rife, greedy deſire ſtil poore
Did vild deeds, then t'was worth the price of bloud,
And deem'd renowne to ſpoile their natiue towne,
Force maſtered right, the ſtrongeſt gouern'd all,
Hence came it that th'edicts were ouerrul'd,
That lawes were broake, *Tribunes* with *Conſuls* ſtroue,
Sale made of offices, and peoples voices,
Bought by themſelues & ſolde, and euery yeare
Frauds and corruption in the field of *Mars*;
Hence intereſt and deuouring vſury ſprang,
Faiths breach, & hence came war to moſt men welcom.
Now *Cæſar* ouerpaſt the ſnowy *Alpes*,
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war,
And comming to the foord of *Rubicon*,
At night in dreadful viſion fearefull Roome,
Mourning appear'd, whoſe hoary hayres were torne,
And on her Turret, bearing head diſperſt,
And armes all naked, who with broken ſighes,
And ſtaring, thus beſpoke, what mean'ſt thou *Cæſar*?

Whether

Whether goes my ſtandarde? Romans if ye be,
And beare true harts, ſtay heare: this ſpectacle
Stroake *Cæſars* hart with feare, his hayre ſtoode vp,
And faintnes numm'd his ſteps there on the brincke:
He thus cride out: Thou thunderer that guardſt
Roomes mighty walles built on *Tarpeian* rocke,
Ye gods of *Phrigia* and *Iûlus* line,
Quirinus rites and *Latian Ioue* aduanc'd,
On *Alba* hill, ô *Veſtall* flames, ô Roome,
My thoughts ſole *goddes*, aide mine enterpriſe,
I hate thee not, to thee my conqueſts ſtoope,
Cæſar is thine, ſo pleaſe it thee, thy ſoldier;
He, he afflicts Roome that made me Roomes foe.
This ſaid, he laying aſide all lets of war,
Approcht the ſwelling ſtreame with drum and enſigne,
Like to a Lyon of ſcortcht deſart *Affricke*,
Who ſeeing hunters pauſeth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increaſe, then hauing whiskt
His taile athwart his backe, and creſt heau'd vp,
With iawes wide open ghaſtly roaring out;
(Albeit the *Moores* light lauelin or his ſpeare
Sticks in his ſide) yet runs vpon the hunter.
In ſummer time the purple *Rubicon*,
Which iſſues from a ſmall ſpring is but ſhallow,
And creepes along the vales deuiding iuſt
The bounds of *Italy*, from *Ciſalpin Fraunce*;
But now the winters wrath and wat'ry moone,
Being three daies old inforſt the floud to ſwell,

And frozen *Alpes* thaw'd with reſoluing winds.
The thunder hou'd horſe in a crooked line,
To ſcape the violence of the ſtreame firſt waded,
Which being broke the foot had eaſie paſſage.
As ſoone as *Cæſar* got vnto the banke
And bounds of Italy; here, here (ſaith he)
An end of peace; here end polluted lawes;
Hence leagues, and couenants; Fortune thee I follow,
Warre and the deſtinies ſhall trie my cauſe.
This ſaid, the reſtles generall through the darke
(Swifter then bullets throwne from Spaniſh ſlinges,
Or darts which *Parthians* backward ſhoot (marcht on
And then (when *Lucifer* did ſhine alone,
And ſome dim ſtars) he *Arriminum* enter'd:
Day roſe and viewde theſe tumultes of the war;
Whether the gods, or bluſtring ſouth were cauſe
I know not, but the cloudy ayre did frown;
The ſoldiours hauing won the market place,
There ſpred the colours, with confuſed noiſe
Of trũpets clange, ſhril cornets, whiſtling fifes;
The people ſtarted; young men left their beds;
And ſnatcht armes neer their houſhold gods hung vp
Such as peace yeelds; wormeaten leatherne targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headles darts, olde
With vgly teeth of blacke ruſt fouly ſcarr'd: (ſwords
But ſeeing white Eagles, & Roomes flags wel known,
And lofty *Cæſar* in the thickeſt throng,
They ſhooke for feare, & cold benumm'd their lims,

And muttering much, thus to thēſelues complain'd.
O wals vnfortunate too neere to France,
Predeſtinate to ruine; all lands elſe
Haue ſtable peace, here wars rage firſt begins,
We bide the firſt brunt, ſafer might we dwel,
Vnder the froſty beare, or parching Eaſt,
VVagons or tents, then in this frontire towne,
We firſt ſuſtain'd the vproares of the *Gaules*,
And furious *Cymbrians* and of *Carthage* moores,
As oft as Roome was ſackt, here gan the ſpoile:
Thus ſighing whiſpered they, and none durſt ſpeake
And ſhew their feare, or griefe: but as the fields
When birds are ſilent thorough winters rage;
Or ſea far from the land, ſo all were whiſt.
Now light had quite diſſolu'd the myſty might,
And *Cæſars* mind vnſetled muſing ſtood;
But gods and fortune prickt him to this war,
Infringing all excuſe of modeſt ſhame,
And laboring to approue his quarrell good.
The angry Senate vrging *Grachus* deeds,
From doubtfull Roome wrongly expel'd the *Tribunes*,
That croſt them; both which now approacht the camp,
And with them *Curio*; ſometime *Tribune* too,
One that was feed for *Cæſar*, and whoſe tongue
Could tune the people to the Nobles mind:
Cæſar (ſaid he) while eloquence preuail'd,
And I might pleade, and draw the Commons minds
To fauour thee, againſt the Senats will.

Fiue yeeres I lengthned thy commaund in France:
But law being put to ſilence by the wars;
We from our houſes driuen, moſt willingly
Suffered exile: let thy ſword bring vs home.
Now while their part is weake, and feares, march hence
„ Where men are ready, lingering euer hurts:
In ten yeares wonſt thou France; Roome may be won
With farre leſſe toile, and yet the honors more;
Few battailes fought with proſperous ſucceſſe
May bring her downe, and with her all the world;
Nor ſhalt thou triumph when thou comſt to Roome;
Nor capitall be adorn'd with ſacred bayes:
Enuy denies all, with thy bloud muſt thou
Abie thy conqueſt paſt: the ſonne decrees
To expel the father; ſhare the world thou canſt not;
Inioy it all thou maieſt: thus *Curio* ſpake,
And therewith *Cæſar* prone ennough to warre,
Was ſo incenſt as are *Eleius* ſteedes
With clamors: who though lockt and chaind in ſtalls,
Souſe downe the wals, and make a paſſage forth:
Straight ſummon'd he his ſeuerall companies
Vnto the ſtandard: his graue looke appeaſd
The wraſtling tumult, and right hand made ſilence:
And thus he ſpake; you that with me haue borne
A thouſand brunts, and tride me ful ten yeeres,
See how they quit our bloudſhed in the North;
Our friends death; and our wounds; our wintering
Vnder the Alpes; Roome rageth now in armes

As if the *Carthage Hannibal* were neere;
Cornets of horſe are muſtered for the field;
Woods turn'd to ſhips; both land and ſea againſt vs:
Had forraine wars ill thriu'd; or wrathful France
Purſu'd vs hither, how were we beſtead
When comming conqueror Roome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leaders whom long peace hath quail'd;
Raw ſoldiours lately preſt; and troupes of gownes;
Brabbling *Marcellus*; *Cato* whom fooles reuerence;
Muſt *Pompeis* followers with ſtrangers ayde,
(Whom frō his youth he bribde) needs make him king?
And ſhal he triumph long before his time,
And hauing once got head ſtill ſhal he raigne?
What ſhould I talke of mens corne reapt by force.
And by him kept of purpoſe for a dearth,
Who ſees not warre ſit by the quiuering Iudge;
And ſentence giuen in rings of naked ſwords,
And lawes aſſailde, and arm'd mēn in the *Senate*;
Twas his troupe hem'd in *Milo* being accuſde;
And now leaſt age might waine his ſtate, he caſts
For ciuill warre, wherein through vſe he's known
To exceed his maiſter, that arch-traitor *Sylla*.
A brood of barbarous *Tygars* hauing lapt
The bloud of many a heard, whilſt with their dams
They kennel'd in *Hircania* euermore
Wil rage and pray: ſo *Pompey* thou hauing lickt
Warme goare from *Syllas* ſword art yet athirſt,
Iawes, fleſh, with bloud continue murderous.

Speake

Speake, when ſhall this thy long vſurpt power end?
What end of miſchiefe? *Sylla* teaching thee,
At laſt learne wretch to leaue thy monarchy;
What, now *Scicillian* Pirats are ſuppreſt,
And *Jaded*, king of *Pontus* poiſoned ſlaine,
Muſt *Pompey* as his laſt foe plume on me,
Becauſe at his commaund I wound not vp
My conquering Eagles? ſay I merit nought,
Yet for long ſeruice done, reward theſe men,
And ſo they triumph, be't with whom ye wil.
Whether now ſhal theſe olde bloudles ſoules repaire?
What ſeates for their deſerts? what ſtore of ground
For ſeruitors to till? what *Colonies*
To reſt their bones? ſay *Pompey*, are theſe worſe
Then Pirats of *Sycillia?* they had houſes: (quer'd,
Spead, ſpread theſe flags that ten years ſpace haue con-
Lets vſe our tried force, they that now thwart right
In wars wil yeeld to wrong: the gods are with vs,
Neither ſpoile, nor kingdom ſeeke we by theſe armes,
But Roome at thraldoms feet to rid from tyrants.
This ſpoke none anſwer'd but a murmuring buz
Th'vnſtable people made: their houſhold gods
And loue to Room (thogh ſlaughter ſteeld their harts
And minds were prone) reſtrain'd them; but wars loue
And *Cæſars* awe daſht all: then *Lalius*
The chiefe *Centurion* crown'd with Oaken leaues,
For ſauing of a Romaine Citizen,
Stept forth, and cryde, chiefe leader of Rooms force,

So be I may be bold to ſpeake a truth:
We grieue at this thy patience and delay, (bloud
What doubtſt thou vs? euen nowe when youthfull
Pricks forth our liuely bodies, and ſtrong armes
Can mainly throw the dart; wilt thou indure
Theſe purple groomes? that *Senates* tyranny?
Is conqueſt got by ciuill war ſo hainous?
Well, leade vs then to *Syrtes* deſart ſhoare;
Or *Scythia*; or hot *Libiaes* thirſty ſands.
This hand that all behind vs might be quail'd,
Hath with thee paſt the ſwelling Ocean;
And ſwept the foming breſt of *Articks Rhene*,
Loue ouer-rules my will, I muſt obay thee,
Cæſar, he whom I heare thy trumpets charge
I hould no Romaine; by theſe ten bleſt enſignes
And all thy ſeueral triumphs, ſhouldſt thou bid me
Intombe my ſword within my brothers bowels;
Or fathers throate; or womens groning wombe;
This hand (albeit vnwilling) ſhould performe it;
Or rob the gods; or ſacred temples fire: (*Joue*,
Theſe troupes ſhould ſoone pull down the church of
If to incampe on *Thuſcan Tybers* ſtreames;
Ile bouldly quarter out the fields of Rome;
What wals thou wilt be leaueld with the ground,
Theſe hands ſhall thruſt the ram, and make them flie,
Albeit the Citty thou wouldſt haue ſo ra'ſt
Be Roome it ſelfe. Here euery band applauded,
And with their hands held vp, all ioyntly cryde

They'ill

They'ill follow where he pleaſe, the ſhowts rēt heauē,
As when againſt pine bearing *Oſſa's* rocks,
Beates *Thracian Boreas*; or when trees bowde down,
And ruſtling ſwing vp as the wind fets breath.
When *Cæſar* ſaw his army proane to war,
And fates ſo benr, leaſt ſloth and long delay
Might croſſe him, he withdrew his troupes frō France,
And in all quarters muſters men for Roome.
They by *Lemannus* nooke forſooke their tents;
They whom the *Lingones* foild with painted ſpeares,
Vnder the rockes by crooked *Vogeſus*;
And many came from ſhallow *Iſara*,
Who running long, fals in a greater floud,
And ere he ſees the ſea looſeth his name;
The yellow *Ruthens* left their garriſons;
Mild *Atax* glad it beares not Roman bloats;
And frontier *Varus* that the campe is farre,
Sent aide; ſo did *Alcides* port, whoſe ſeas
Eate hollow rocks, and where the north-weſt wind;
Nor *Zephir* rules not, but the north alone,
Turmoiles the coaſt, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that vncertaine ſhore,
Which is nor ſea, nor land, but oft times both,
And changeth as the Ocean ebbes and flowes:
Whether the ſea roul'd alwaies from that point,
Whence the wind blowes ſtil forced to and fro;
Or that the wandring maine follow the moone?
Or flaming *Titan* (feeding on the deepe,

Puls

Puls them aloft, and makes the ſurge kiſſe heauen,
Philoſophers looke you, for vnto me
Thou cauſe what ere thou be whom God aſſignes,
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By *Nemes* fields, and bankes of *Satirus*;
Where *Tarbels* winding ſhoares imbrace the ſea,
The *Santons* that reioyce in *Cæſars* loue,
Thoſe of *Bituriges* and light *Axon* pikes;
And they of *Rhene*, and *Leuca* cunning darters,
And *Sequana* that well could manage ſteeds;
The *Belgians* apt to gouerne *Brittiſh* cars;
Th' *Auerni*, too which bouldly faine themſelues;
The Romanes brethren, ſprung of *Ilian* race;
The ſtubborne *Neruians* ſtaind with *Cottas* bloud;
And *Vangions* who like thoſe of *Sarmata*,
Were open ſlops: and fierce *Batauians*,
Whome trumpets clang incites, and thoſe that dwel
By *Cyngas* ſtreame, and where ſwift *Rhodanus*
Driues *Araris* to ſea; They neere the hils,
Vnder whoſe hoary rocks *Gebenna* hangs;
And *Treuier*; thou being glad that wars are paſt thee;
And you late ſhorne *Ligurians*, who were wont
In large ſpread heire to exceed the reſt of France;
And where to *Heſus*, and fell *Mercury* (*Joue*)
They offer humane fleſh, and where it ſeemes
Bloudy like *Dian*, whom the *Scythians* ſerue;
And you French *Bardi*, whoſe immortal pens
Renowne the valiant ſoules ſlaine in your wars,

Sit safe at home and chaunt sweet *Poesie*,
And *Druides* you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customes, and sinister rites,
In vnfeld woods, and sacred groues you dwell,
And only gods & heauenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing · For you hold
That soules passe not to silent *Erebus*
Or *Plutoes* bloodles kingdom, but else where
Resume a body: so (if truth you sing)
Death brings lõg life. Doubtles these northren men
Whom death the greatest of all feares affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error, this makes them
Run on the swords point and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is wonne;
You likewise that repulst the *Caicke* foe,
March towards Roome; and you fierce men of *Rhene*
Leauing your countrey open to the spoile.
These being come, their huge power made him bould
To mannage greater deeds; the bordering townes
He garrison'd; and *Italy* he fild with soldiours.
Vaine fame increast true feare, and did inuade
The peoples minds, and laide before their eies
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing newes
Of present war, made many lies and tales,
One sweares his troupes of daring horsemen fought
Vpon *Meuanias* plaine, where Buls are graz'd;
Other that *Cæsars* barbarous bands were spread
Along *Nar* floud that into *Tiber* fals,

And that his owne ten enſignes, and the reſt
Marcht not intirely, and yet hide the ground,
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous then the French (his vaſſals)
And that he lags behind with them of purpoſe;
Borne twixt the *Alpes* & *Rhene*, which he hath brought
From out their Northren parts, and that Roome
He looking on by theſe men ſhould be ſackt.
Thus in his fright did each man ſtrengthen Fame,
And without ground, fear'd, what thẽſelues had faind:
Nor were the Commons only ſtrooke to heart
With this vaine terror; but the Court, the Senate;
The fathers ſelues leapt from their ſeats; and flying
Left hateful warre decreed to both the Conſuls.
Then with their feare, and danger al diſtract,
Their ſway of fleight carries the heady rout
That in chain'd troupes breake forth at euery port;
You would haue thought their houſes had bin fierd
Or dropping-ripe, ready to fall with Ruine,
So ruſht the inconſiderate multitude
Thorough the Citty hurried headlong on,
As if, the only hope (that did remaine
To their afflictions) were t'abandon Roome.
Looke how when ſtormy *Auſter* from the breach
Of *Libian Syrtes*, roules a monſtrous waue,
Which makes the maine ſaile fal with hideous ſound;
The Pilot from the helme leapes in the ſea;
And Marriners, albeit the keele be ſound

Shipwracke themſelues: euen ſo the Citty left,
All riſe in armes; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their ſons, or womens teares their husbands;
They ſtai'd not either to pray or ſacrifice,
Their houſhould gods reſtrain thē not, none lingered,
As loath to leaue *Roome* whom they held ſo deere,
Th'irreuocable people flie in troupes.
O gods that eaſie grant men great eſtates,
But hardly grace to keepe them: Roome that flowes
With Citizens and Captaines, and would hould
The world (were it together) is by cowards
Left as a pray now *Cæſar* dòth approach:
VVhen Romans are beſieg'd by forraine foes,
With ſlender trench they eſcape night ſtratagems,
And ſuddaine rampire raiſde of turfe ſnatcht vp
Would make them ſleepe ſecurely iu their tents.
Thou *Roome* at name of warre runſt from thy ſelfe,
And wilt not truſt thy Citty walls one night:
VVel might theſe feare, when *Pompey* fear'd and fled,
Now euermore leaſt ſome one hope might eaſe
The Cōmons iangling minds, apparant ſignes aroſe,
Strange ſights appear'd, the angry threatning gods
Fill'd both the earth and ſeas with prodegies;
Great ſtore of ſtrange and vnknown ſtars were ſeene
VVandering about the North, and rings of fire
Flie in the ayre, and dreadfull bearded ſtars,
And Commets that preſage the fal of kingdoms.
The flattering skie gliter'd in often flames,

And ſundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heauen:
Now ſpearlike, long; now like a ſpreading torch:
Lightning in ſilence, ſtole forth without clouds,
And from the northren climat ſnatching fier
Blaſted the Capitoll: The leſſer ſtars
Which wont to run their courſe through empty night
At noone day muſtered; *Phœbe* hauing fild
Her meeting hornes to match her brothers light,
Strooke with th'earths ſuddaine ſhadow waxed pale,
Titan himſelfe throand in the midſt of heauen,
His burning chariot plung'd in ſable cloudes,
And whelm'd the world in darkneſſe, making men
Diſpaire of day; as did *Thieſtes* towne;
(*Mycenæ*) *Phœbus* flying through the Eaſt:
Fierce *Mulciber* vnbarred; *Ætna's* gate,
Which flamed not on high; but headlong pitcht
Her burning head on bending *Heſpery*.
Cole-blacke *Charibdis* whirl'd a ſea of bloud;
Fierce Maſtiues hould; the veſtall fires went out,
The flame in *Alba* conſecrate to *Joue*,
Parted in twaine; and with a double point
Roſe like the *Theban* brothers funerall fire;
The earth went off hir hinges; And the *Alpes*
Shooke the old ſnow from off their trembling laps.
The Ocean ſwell'd, as high as Spaniſh *Calpe*;
Or *Atlas* head, their ſaints and houſhold gods
Sweate teares to ſhew the trauailes of their citty.
Crownes fell from holy ſtatues, ominous birds

Defil'd

Defil'd the day, and wilde beaſtes were ſeene,
Leauing the woods lodge in the ſtreetes of Rome.
Cattell were ſeene that muttered humane ſpeech:
Prodigious birthes with more and vgly iointes
Then nature giues, whoſe ſight appauls the mother,
And diſmall Propheſies were ſpread abroad:
And they whom fierce *Bellonaes* fury moues,
To wound their armes, ſing vengeance, *Sibils* prieſts,
Curling their bloudy lockes, howle dreadfull things,
Soules quiet and appeas'd ſight from their graues,
Claſhing of armes was heard, in vntrod woods,
Shrill voices ſchright, and ghoaſts incounter men,
Thoſe that inhabited the ſuburbe fieldes
Fled, fowle *Erinnis* ſtalkt about the wals,
Shaking her ſnakie haire and crooked pine
With flaming toppe, much like that helliſh fiend;
Which made the ſterne *Lycurgus* wound his thigh,
Or fierce *Agaue* mad; or like *Megæra*
That ſcar'd *Alcides*, when by *Junoes* taske
He had before lookt *Pluto* in the face.
Trumpets were heard to ſound; and with what noiſe
An armed battaile ioines, ſuch and more ſtrange
Blacke night brought forth in ſecret: *Sylla's* ghoſt
Was ſeene to walke, ſinging ſad Oracles,
And *Marius* head aboue cold *Tau'ron* peering
(His graue broke open) did affright the Boores.
To theſe oſtents (as their old cuſtome was)
They call th'*Etrurian Augures*, amonſt whom

The graueſt, *Aruns*, dwelt in forſaken **Leuca* **or Luna*
Well skild in *Pyromancy*; one that knew
The hearts of beaſts, and flight of wandring foules;
Firſt he commands ſuch monſters *Nature* hatcht
Againſt her kind (the barren Mules loth'd iſſue)
To be cut forth and caſt in diſmall fiers:
Then, that the trembling Citizens ſhould walke
About the City; then the ſacred prieſts
That with diuine luſtration purg'd the wals,
And went the round, in, and without the towne.
Next, an inferiour troupe, in tuckt vp veſtures;
After the *Gabine* manner: then the Nunnes
And their vaild Matron, who alone might view
Mineruas ſtatue; then, they that keepe, and read
Sybillas ſecret works, and waſht their ſaint
In *Almo's* floud: Next learned *Augures* follow;
Apolloes ſouthſayers; and *Joues* feaſting prieſts;
The skipping *Salij* with ſhields like wedges;
And *Flamins* laſt, with networke wollen vailes.
While theſe thus in and out had circled Roome,
Looke what the lightning blaſted, *Aruns* takes
And it interrs with murmurs dolorous,
And cals the place *Bidentail*, on the Altar
He laies a ne're-yoakt Bull, and powers downe wine,
Then crams ſalt leuin on his crooked knife;
The beaſt long ſtruggled, as being like to proue
An aukward ſacrifice, but by the hornes
The quick prieſt pull'd him on his knees & ſlew him:

No

No vaine ſprung out but from the yawning gaſh,
In ſteed of red bloud wallowed venemous gore,
Theſe direful ſignes made *Aruns* ſtand amaz'd,
And ſearching farther for the gods diſpleaſure,
The very cullor ſcard him; a dead blackneſſe
Ranne through the bloud, that turn'd it all to gelly,
And ſtain'd the bowels with darke lothſome ſpots,
The liuer ſwell'd with filth: and euery vaine
Did threaten horror from the hoſt of *Cæſar*;
A ſmall thin skinne contain'd the vital parts,
The heart ſtird not, and from the gaping liuer
Squis'd matter through the cal; the intralls pearde,
And which (aie me) euer pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liuer is, appear'd
A knob of fleſh, whereof one halfe did looke
Dead, and diſcoulour'd; th'other leane and thinne.
By theſe he ſeeing what myſchiefes muſt enſue,
Cride out, O gods! I tremble to vnfould
What you intend, great *Ioue* is now diſpleas'd,
And in the breſt of this ſlaine Bull are crept,
Th'infernall powers. My feare tranſcends my words
Yet more will happen then I can vnfold,
Turne all to good, be *Augury* vaine, and *Tages*
Th'arts maſter falce. Thus in ambiguous tearmes,
Inuoluing all, did *Aruns* darkly ſing.
But *Figulus* more ſeene in heauenly myſteries,
Whoſe like *Aegiptian Memphis* neuer had
For skill in ſtars, and tune-full planeting

In

In this sort spake. The worlds swift course is lawlesse
And casuall; all the starres at randome radge:
Or if *Fate* rule them, Rome thy Cittizens
Are neere some plague? what mischiefe shall insue?
Shall townes be swallowed? shall the thickned aire,
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barraine?
Shall water be conieal'd and turn'd to ice?
O Gods what death prepare ye? with what plague
Meane ye to radge? the death of many men
Meetes in one period. If cold noysome *Saturne*
Were now exalted, and with blew beames shinde,
Then *Gaynimede* would renew *Deucalions* flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drencht.
O *Phœbus* shouldst thou with thy rayes now sing
The fell *Nemean* beast, th'earth would be fired,
And heauen tormented with thy chafing heate,
But thy fiers hurt not; *Mars*, 'tis thou enflam'st
The threatning Scorpion with the burning taile
And fier'st his cleyes. Why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind *Jupiter* hath low declin'd himselfe;
Venus is faint; swift *Hermes* retrograde;
Mars onely rules the heauen: why doe the Planets
Alter their course; and vainly dim their vertue?
Sword-girt *Orions* side glisters too bright.
Wars radge draws neare; & to the swords strong hād,
Let all Lawes yeeld, sinne beare the name of vertue,
Many a yeare these firious broiles let last,
Why should we wish the gods should euer end them?

Onely

The firſt Booke of Lucan.

War onely giues vs peace, ô Rome continue
The courſe of miſchieſe, and ſtretch out the date
Of ſlaughter; onely ciuill broiles make peace.
Theſe ſad preſages were enough to ſcarre
The quiuering *Romans*, but worſe things affright them,
As *Mænus* full of wine on *Pindus* raues,
So runnes a Matron through th'amazed ſtreetes,
Diſcloſing *Phœbus* furie in this ſort:
Pean whither am I halde? where ſhall I fall?
Thus borne aloft I ſee *Pangeus* hill,
With hoarie toppe, and vnder *Hemus* mount
Philippi plaines; *Phœbus* what radge is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, hauing no foes?
Whither turne I now? thou lead'ſt me toward th'eaſt,
Where *Nile* augmenteth the *Peluſian* ſea:
This headleſſe trunke that lies on *Nylus* ſande
I know, now throughout the aire I flie,
To doubtfull *Sirtes* and drie *Affricke*, where
A fury leades the *Emathian* bandes, from thence
To the pine bearing hils, hence to the mounts
Pirene, and ſo backe to Rome againe.
Se impious warre defiles the Senat houſe,
New factions riſe; now through the world againe:
I goe; ô *Phœbus* ſhew me *Neptunes* ſhore,
And other Regions, I haue ſeene *Philippi*:
This ſaid being tir'd with fury ſhe ſunke downe.

FINIS.

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